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NEW AND OLD

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The Reciter's Second Treasury of Verse

NEW AND OLD

EDITED BY

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Fellow of the Guildhall School of Music. Examiner in Elocution for the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, and for the Guildhall School of Music. Author of Reciter's Treasuries of Verse, New Spirit in Verse, etc.

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PREFACE

THE *Reciter's Second Treasury of Verse, New and Old*, is a new edition of *The Second Treasury*, from which I have taken much of the old material and replaced by many new poems and excerpts from longer poems that are widely used, or likely to be used in the Musical Festivals, Competitions, and Examinations now held all over the country, which are doing so much to raise the standard of spoken English and to revive the art of verse speaking.

It is not possible here to deal adequately with the theoretical side of elocution, but examination-students and others will find the matter fully dealt with in *The Art of Speaking* (Routledge) and *A Manual of Elocution* by Frank Ridley (Samuel French). I also advise a careful study of J. B. Mayor's *Modern English Metres* (Cambridge University Press).

My thanks are due to those authors and publishers who have so kindly placed their work at my disposal in the preparation of this collection.

The greatest care has been taken not to infringe any copyright, and I sincerely hope my efforts in this direction have been successful.

In conclusion, I should like to acknowledge the help I have received from Mr. Barrett Roe, F.G.S.M., Mr. Frank Ridley, F.G.S.M., and the Editor of *The Poetry Review*, whose suggestions I have found very valuable.

E. G. P.

THE MAIDS OF ELFIN-MERE

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

WHEN the spinning-room was here,
Came Three Damsels, clothed in white,
With their spindles every night ;
One and two and three fair Maidens,
Spinning to a pulsing cadence,
Singing songs of Elfin-Mere ;
Till the eleventh hour was toll'd,
Then departed through the wold.

*Years ago, and years ago ;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

Three white Lilies, calm and clear,
And they were loved by everyone ;
Most of all, the Pastor's son,
Listening to their gentle singing,
Felt his heart go from him, clinging
To these Maids of Elfin-Mere ;
Sued each night to make them stay,
Sadden'd when they went away.

*Years ago, and years ago ;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

Hands that shook with love and fear
Dared put back the village clock,—
Flew the spindle, turn'd the rock,
Flow'd the song with subtle rounding,
Till the false "eleven" was sounding ;
Then these Maids of Elfin-Mere
Swiftly, softly left the room,
Like three doves on snowy plume.

*Years ago, and years ago ;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

One that night who wander'd near
 Heard lamentings by the shore,
 Saw at dawn three stains of gore
 In the waters fade and dwindle.
 Never more with song and spindle
 Saw we Maids of Elfin-Mere.
 The Pastor's son did pine and die ;
 Because true love should never lie.

*Years ago, and years ago ;
 And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

*[By kind permission of the
 Executors of the late Mr Allingham.]*

NEW MOON

By J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

THE day lay dead.
 Blood red
 The clouds were stained with his last ebb of light ;
 While the sea shrouded in soft grey,
 Went mourning for the day.
 But night,
 Whose arrow had shot
 Straight at the sun,
 Day's heart and only vulnerable spot,
 Now that the thing was done.
 Threw
 Her bow (chased in most perfect work of gold)
 Lightly away ;
 There, on the heavens' field of blue
 And at her feet, it lay—
 But people, looking westward, said :
 " Behold,
 The moon is new ! "

*[From " Haunted Islands ".
 By kind permission of the Author.]*

THE DITCH

By J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

ALL sorts of things
Grow in the ditch beside the wall :
The tall
Grey nettles, like a copse
Of ragged fir-trees, wave their tops
Dominant over all.
Here, like blue drops
Of morning dew, shine faint forget-me-nots,
And there are daisies small
And the big dandelions in rich plots.
The stone-crop clings
With every root to the rough stone,
While there, alone,
The blushing rose-bay in her pride
Stands aside.
In the ditch-bottom lies
The black peat-mud ; and in it where a sheep
Stept and the late shower fell,
Blue water makes a fairy well,
Shining as though a patch of sky
Lay on the earth asleep.

[From " *Haunted Islands* ".
By kind permission of the Author.]

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

ANONYMOUS

I

" TOM PEARSE, Tom Pearse, lend me your gray mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all."

Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

II

“ And when shall I see again my gray mare ? ”—
All along, down along, out along, lee.

“ By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.”

Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

III

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
But Tom Pearse’s old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

IV

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o’ the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And he sees his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

V

So Tom Pearse’s old mare her took sick and her died,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan’l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

VI

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
 All along, down along, out along, lee.
 Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
 Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
 Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
 Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

VII

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
 All along, down along, out along, lee.
 Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, ghastly white,
 Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
 Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
 Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

VIII

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
 All along, down along, out along, lee.
 From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
 And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter
 Davy,
 Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
 Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST

ANONYMOUS

THE feast is o'er ! Now brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest ;
 And silence fills the crowded hall,
 As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.
 Then up arose the noble host,
 And smiling cried : " A toast ! a toast !
 To all our ladies fair !
 Here, before all, I pledge the name
 Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
 The ladye Gundamere ! "

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word ;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

" Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head ;
" That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true ! "

Then, one by one, each knight sprang up
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name ;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St Leon's turn to rise ;
On him are fixed those countless eyes ;
A gallant knight is he ;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall—
The flower of chivalry.

St Leon raised his kindling eye
And lifts the sparkling cup on high ;
" I drink to one," he said,
" Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart
Till memory be dead.

" To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed—
So holy 'tis and true ;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Then any pledged by you."

Each guest unstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye ;
And Stanley said : " We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high ! "

St Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another ;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said : " My mother ! "

MISS THOMPSON GOES SHOPPING

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Miss Thompson at Home]

IN her lone cottage on the downs,
With winds and blizzards and great crowns
Of shining cloud, with wheeling plover
And short grass sweet with the small white clover,
Miss Thompson lived, correct and meek,
A lonely spinster, and every week
On market-day she used to go
Into the little town below,
Tucked in the great downs' hollow bowl
Like pebbles gathered in a shoal.

She goes a-Marketing]

So, having washed her plates and cup
And banked the kitchen-fire up,
Miss Thompson slipped upstairs and dressed,
Put on her black (her second best),
The bonnet trimmed with rusty plush,
Peeped in the glass with simpering blush,
From camphor-smelling cupboard took
Her thicker jacket off the hook
Because the day might turn to cold.
Then, ready, slipped downstairs and rolled
The hearthrug back ; then searched about,
Found her basket, ventured out,
Sneaked the door and paused to lock it
And plunge the key in some deep pocket.

Then as she tripped demurely down
 The steep descent, the little town
 Spread wider till its sprawling street
 Enclosed her and her footfalls beat
 On hard stone pavement, and she felt
 Those throbbing ecstasies that melt
 Through heart and mind, as, happy, free,
 Her small, prim personality
 Merged into the seething strife
 Of auction-marts and city life.

She visits the Boot-maker]

Serenely down the busy stream
 Miss Thompson floated in a dream.
 Now, hovering bee-like, she would stop
 Entranced before some tempting shop,
 Getting in people's way and prying
 At things she never thought of buying :
 Now wafted on without an aim,
 Until in course of time she came
 To Watson's bootshop. Long she pries
 At boots and shoes of every size—
 Brown football-boots with bar and stud
 For boys that scuffle in the mud,
 And dancing-pumps with pointed toes
 Glossy as jet, and dull black bows ;
 Slim ladies' shoes with two-inch heel
 And sprinkled beads of gold and steel—
 " How anyone can wear such things ! "
 On either side the doorway springs
 (As in a tropic jungle loom
 Masses of strange thick-petalled bloom
 And fruits mis-shapen) fold on fold
 A growth of sand-shoes rubber-soled,
 Clambering the door-posts, branching, spawning
 Their barbarous bunches like an awning
 Over the windows and the doors.
 But, framed among the other stores,
 Something has caught Miss Thompson's eye
 (O worldliness ! O vanity !),
 A pair of slippers—scarlet plush.
 Miss Thompson feels a conscious blush
 Suffuse her face, as though her thought
 Had ventured further than it ought.
 But O that colour's rapturous singing

And the answer in her lone heart ringing !
 She turns (O Guardian Angels, stop her
 From doing anything improper !)
 She turns ; and see, she stoops and bumbles
 In through the sand-shoes' hanging jungles,
 Away from light and common sense,
 Into the shop dim-lit and dense
 With smells of polish and tanned hide.

Mrs. Watson]

Soon from a dark recess inside
 Fat Mrs. Watson comes slip-slop
 To mind the business of the shop.
 She walks flat-footed with a roll—
 A serviceable, homely soul,
 With kindly, ugly face like dough,
 Hair dull and colourless as tow.
 A huge Scotch pebble fills the space
 Between her bosom and her face.
 One sees her making beds all day.
 Miss Thompson lets her say her say :
 " So chilly for the time of year.
 It's ages since we saw you here."
 Then, heart a-flutter, speech precise,
 Describes the shoes and asks the price.
 " Them, Miss ? Ah, them is six-and-nine."
 Miss Thompson shudders down the spine
 (Dream of impossible romance).
 She eyes them with a wistful glance,
 Torn between good and evil. Yes,

Wrestles with a Temptation]

For half-a-minute and no less
 Miss Thompson strives with seven devils,
 Then, soaring over earthly levels,
 Turns from the shoes with lingering touch—

And is saved]

" Ah, six-and-nine is far too much.
 Sorry to trouble you. Good day ! "

She visits the Fishmonger]

A little further down the way
 Stands Miles's fish-shop, whence is shed
 So strong a smell of fishes dead
 That people of a subtler sense
 Hold their breath and hurry hence.

Miss Thompson hovers there and gazes :
 Her housewife's knowing eye appraises
 Salt and fresh, severely cons
 Kippers bright as tarnished bronze :
 Great cods disposed upon the sill,
 Chilly and wet, with gaping gill,
 Flat head, glazed eye, and mute, uncouth,
 Shapeless, wan, old-woman's mouth.
 Next a row of soles and plaice
 With querulous and twisted face,
 And red-eyed bloaters, golden-grey ;
 Smoked haddocks ranked in neat array ;
 A group of smelts that take the light
 Like slips of rainbow, pearly bright ;
 Silver trout with rosy spots,
 And coral shrimps with keen black dots
 For eyes, and hard and jointed sheath
 And crisp tails curving underneath.
 But there upon the sanded floor,
 More wonderful in all that store
 Than anything on slab or shelf,
 Stood Miles, the fishmonger, himself.

Mr Miles]

Four-square he stood and filled the place.
 His huge hands and his jolly face
 Were red. He had a mouth to quaff
 Pint after pint : a sounding laugh,
 But wheezy at the end, and oft
 His eyes bulged outwards and he coughed.
 Aproned he stood from chin to toe.
 The apron's vertical long flow
 Warped grandly outwards to display
 His hale, round belly hung midway,
 Whose apex was securely bound
 With apron-strings wrapped round and round.
 Outside, Miss Thompson, small and staid,
 Felt, as she always felt, afraid
 Of this huge man who laughed so loud
 And drew the notice of the crowd.
 Awhile she paused in timid thought,
 Then promptly hurried in and bought
 "Two kippers, please. Yes, lovely weather."
 "Two kippers? Sixpence altogether :"
 And in her basket laid the pair
 Wrapped face to face in newspaper.

Relapses into Temptation]

Then on she went, as one half blind,
For things were stirring in her mind ;
Then turned about with fixed intent
And, heading for the bootshop, went

And Falls]

Straight in and bought the scarlet slippers
And popped them in beside the kippers.

She visits the Chemist]

So much for that. From there she tacked,
Still flushed by this decisive act,
Westward, and came without a stop
To Mr Wren the chemist's shop,
And stood awhile outside to see
The tall, big-bellied bottles three—
Red, blue, and emerald, richly bright
Each with its burning core of light.
The bell chimed as she pushed the door.
Spotless the oilcloth on the floor,
Limpid as water each glass case,
Each thing precisely in its place.
Rows of small drawers, black-lettered each
With curious words of foreign speech,
Ranked high above the other ware.
The old strange fragrance filled the air,
A fragrance like the garden pink,
But tinged with vague medicinal stink
Of camphor, soap, new sponges, blent
With chloroform and violet scent.

Mr Wren]

And Wren the chemist, tall and spare,
Stood gaunt behind his counter there.
Quiet and very wise he seemed,
With skull-like face, bald head that gleamed ;
Through spectacles his eyes looked kind.
He wore a pencil tucked behind
His ear. And never he mistakes
The wildest signs the doctor makes
Prescribing drugs. Brown paper, string,
He will not use for anything,
But all in neat white parcels packs
And sticks them up with sealing-wax.

Miss Thompson bowed and blushed, and then
 Undoubting bought of Mr Wren,
 Being free from modern scepticism,
 A bottle for her rheumatism ;
 Also some peppermints to take
 In case of wind ; an oval cake
 Of scented soap ; a penny square
 Of pungent naphthaline to scare
 The moth. And after Wren had wrapped
 And sealed her lot, Miss Thompson clapped
 Them in beside the fish and shoes ;

“ Good day,” she says, and off she goes.

Is led away to the Pleasures of the Town]

Beelike Miss Thompson, whither next ?
 Outside, you pause awhile, perplexed,
 Your bearings lost. Then all comes back
 And round she wheels, hot on the track

Such as the Groceries and Millinery]

Of Giles the grocer, and from there
 To Emilie the milliner,
 There to be tempted by the sight
 Of hats and blouses fiercely bright.
 (O guard Miss Thompson, Powers that Be,
 From Crudeness and Vulgarity.)

And other Allurements]

Still on from shop to shop she goes
 With sharp bird's-eye, inquiring nose,
 Prying and peering, entering some,
 Oblivious of the thought of home.
 The town brimmed up with deep-blue haze,
 But still she stayed to flit and gaze,
 Her eyes ablur with rapturous sights,
 Her small soul full of small delights,
 Empty her purse, her basket filled.
 The traffic in the town was stilled.

But at length is convinced of Indiscretion]

The clock struck six. Men thronged the inns.
 Dear, dear, she should be home long since.

And Returns Home]

Then as she climbed the misty downs
 The lamps were lighted in the town's
 Small streets. She saw them star by star
 Multiplying from afar ;

Till, mapped beneath her, she could trace
Each street, and the wide square market-place
Sunk deeper and deeper as she went
Higher up the steep ascent.
And all that soul-uplifting stir
Step by step fell back from her,
The glory gone, the blossoming
Shrivelled, and she, a small, frail thing,
Carrying her laden basket. Till
Darkness and silence of the hill
Received her in their restful care
And stars came dropping through the air.

But loudly, sweetly sang the slippers
In the basket with the kippers ;
And loud and sweet the answering thrills
From her lone heart on the hills.

*[By kind permission of the
Author and Publisher, Mr Martin Secker.]*

HE AND SHE

By SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

“ SHE is dead ! ” they said to him. “ Come away ;
Kiss her ! and leave her !—thy love is clay ! ”

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair ;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair :

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with gentle touch ;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell ;

About her brows, and her dear, pale face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace ;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes ;—
Which were the whiter no eye could choose !

And over her bosom they crossed her hands ;
“ Come away,” they said,—“ God understands ! ”

And then there was Silence ;—and nothing there
But the Silence—and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary ;
For they said, “ As a lady should lie, lies she ! ”

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turn'd it !—Alone again—he and she !

He and she ; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place, the quiet cheek ;

He and she ; yet she would not smile,
Though he call'd her the name that was fondest erewhile

He and she ; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love !

Then he said, “ Cold lips ! and breast without breath !
Is there no voice—no language of death

“ Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct,—intense ?

“ See, now,—I listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, Dear ?

“ Was it the infinite wonder of all,
How the spirit could let life's flower fall ?

“ Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal ?

“ Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep ?

“ Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is ?

"Oh, perfect Dead ! oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear ;

"I listen—as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as glad heaven !—and you do not tell !

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the Angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise ;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah ! foolish world ! Oh ! most kind Dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said ?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way :—

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear ;

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone ;
If your soul could see, it would all be shown

"What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry ;
Oh, listen ! Love lasts !—Love never will die !

"I am only your Angel who was your Bride ;
And I know, that though dead, I have never died."

MATTHEW ARNOLD
CADMUS AND HARMONIA

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

FAR, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills ; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes.
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
As virginal and sweet as ours.
And there, they say, two bright and agèd snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills.
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes.
They had stay'd long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamity
Over their own dear children roll'd,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman : yet of old
The Gods had to their marriage come,
And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did end their days
In sight of blood ; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns ; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the Pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray,
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

COURAGE

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

TRUE, we must tame our rebel will :
True, we must bow to Nature's law :
Must bear in silence many an ill ;
Must learn to wait, renounce, withdraw.

Yet now, when boldest wills give place,
When Fate and Circumstance are strong,
And in their rush the human race
Are swept, like huddling sheep, along ;

Those sterner spirits let me prize,
Who, though the tendence of the whole
They less than us might recognize,
Kept, more than us, their strength of soul.

Yes, be the second Cato prais'd !
Not that he took the course to die—
But that, when 'gainst himself he rais'd
His arm, he rais'd it dauntlessly.

And, Byron ! let us dare admire,
If not thy fierce and turbid song,
Yet that, in anguish, doubt, desire,
Thy fiery courage still was strong.

The sun that on thy tossing pain
Did with such cold derision shine,
He crush'd thee not with his disdain—
He had his glow, and thou hadst thine.

Our bane, disguise it as we may,
Is weakness, is a faltering course.
Oh that past times could give our day,
Join'd to its clearness, of their force !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MORALITY

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

WE cannot kindle when we will
 The fire that in the heart resides,
 The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides :

But tasks in hours of insight will'd
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.

Not till the hours of light return.
 All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
 When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
 Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
 Thy struggling task'd morality.

Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
 Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
 Whose eye thou wert afraid to seek,
 See, on her face a glow is spread,
 A strong emotion on her cheek.

"Ah child," she cries, "that strife divine—
 Whence was it, for it is not mine ?

"There is no effort on *my* brow—
 I do not strive, I do not weep.
 I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
 In joy, and, when I will, I sleep.—
 Yet that severe, that earnest air,
 I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

"I knew not yet the gauge of Time,
 Nor wore the manacles of Space.
 I felt it in some other clime—
 I saw it in some other place.
 —'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
 And lay upon the breast of God."

PHILOMELA

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

HARK ! ah, the Nightingale !
The tawny-throated !
Hark ! from that moonlight cedar what a burst !
What triumph ! hark—what pain !

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal ?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?

Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame ?

Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change,
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale ?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !
Again—thou hearest !
Eternal Passion !
Eternal Pain !

MEROPE

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

[The door of the house is thrown open : the interior of the guest-chamber is discovered, with AEPYTUS asleep on a couch.]

MEROPE

He sleeps—sleeps calm. O ye all-seeing Gods !
Thus peacefully do ye let sinners sleep,
While troubled innocents toss, and lie awake ?

What sweeter sleep than this could I desire
For thee, my child, if thou wert yet alive ?
How often have I dream'd of thee like this,
With thy soil'd hunting-coat, and sandals torn
Asleep in the Arcadian glens at noon,
Thy head droop'd softly, and the golden curls,
Clustering o'er thy white forehead, like a girl's ;
The short proud lip showing thy race, thy cheeks
Brown'd with thine open-air, free, hunter's life.
Ah me ! . . .

And where dost thou sleep now, my innocent boy ?—
In some dark fir-tree's shadow, amid rocks
Untrodden, on Cyllene's desolate side ;
Where travellers never pass, where only come
Wild beasts, and vultures sailing overhead.
There, there thou liest now, my hapless child !
Stretch'd among briers and stones, the slow, black gore
Oozing through thy soak'd hunting-shirt, with limbs
Yet stark from the death-struggle, tight-clench'd hands,
And eyeballs staring for revenge in vain.
Ah miserable ! . . .

And thou, thou fair-skinn'd Serpent ! thou art laid
In a rich chamber, on a happy bed,
In a king's house, thy victim's heritage ;
And drink'st untroubled slumber, to sleep off
The toils of thy foul service, till thou wake
Refresh'd, and claim thy master's thanks and gold.—
Wake up in hell from thine unhallow'd sleep,
Thou smiling Fiend, and claim thy guerdon there !
Wake amid gloom, and howling, and the noise
Of sinners pinion'd on the torturing wheel,
And the stanch Furies' never-silent scourge.
And bid the chief-tormentors there provide
For a grand culprit shortly coming down.
Go thou first, and usher in thy lord !

[From " Merope."]

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING
GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

21

A Boy's Song

BY HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

WITH lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind ;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry :—
“ O bird ! see ; see, bird, I fly.

“ Is this, is this your joy,
O bird ? then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air ! ”

 ?
Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss ?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat ;
Till when the wheels scarce crawl
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale ; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

[By kind permission of the publisher, Mr John Lane.]

TARANTELLA

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda ?
Do you remember an Inn ?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar ?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine verandah) ?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn ?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din ?
And the Hip ! Hop ! Hap !
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar !
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda ?
Do you remember an Inn ?

Never more ;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar :
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound :
Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

[By kind permission of the Author and the Publisher,
Mr. Gerald Duckworth.]

AND DID THOSE FEET

By WILLIAM BLAKE

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear : O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

? —————

THE TIGER

By WILLIAM BLAKE

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire on thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

WILLIAM BLAKE

What the hammer? What the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? What dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And water'd heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

 SONG

By WILLIAM BLAKE

How sweet I roam'd from field to field
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 Till I the prince of love beheld
 Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
 And blushing roses for my brow;
 He led me through his gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
 And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
 Then stretches out my golden wing,
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

A DREAM

By WILLIAM BLAKE

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed
That an emmet lost its way,
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say :

" Oh, my children, do they cry ?
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see ;
Now return, and weep for me."

Pitying I dropped a tear :
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, " What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

" I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round.
Follow now the beetle's hum :
Little wanderer, hie thee home !"

THE CHEERFUL CROCODILE

By T. BOLT

UPON the sacred river Nile
There lives a lazy long reptile
Who's full of greed and full of guile,
Whose skin's as rough as any file,
Who's got a wide deceptive smile
That's visible at half a mile ;
Of course you've guessed that, all the while,
I'm speaking of the crocodile.

Perhaps you do not like his style—
 His manners, I admit, are vile,
 But glum folk—those who never smile—
 Might with advantage pause awhile
 And ponder on the crocodile.

Observe—he can digest a file
 Or armour-plated projectile.
 But he prefers a nice fragile
 Young duckling, or an infantile
 Fat calf: he cannot reconcile
 Himself to beasts that are senile
 He likes them plump and juvenile.

Nor does he chase his prey a mile?
 Not he! he just lies still awhile,
 Like some old log or wooden pile
 That's stranded in the river Nile.
 Then ducklings that are infantile
 And calves, all plump and juvenile
 In droves, without one thought of guile
 Down his expansive throat defile;
 All lured on by that wide wide smile.

Now this riparian reptile
 Is sinful, and I hate his style,
 But still, glum folk, just think awhile
 You're wise, I know, and versatile,
 Yet times will come when life seems vile
 When good things miss you by a mile,
 When troubles come in one big pile,
 And things occur you feel would rile
 A saint. But scowling's so futile,
 So don't. Think of the crocodile,
 Then, like him, just sit still awhile, and smile.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE GOOD GIRL OF THE FAMILY

By T. BOLT

WE'VE got a little girl at home who's always very good,
 Who never tears her petticoats or grumbles at her food:
 She never cries at bed time, and my Dad and Mum agree
 She behaves herself much better than Jemima—which is me.

My Mummy's never cross with her for jumping on the chairs,
She's never been caught sledging on a teatray down the
stairs,

She never teases pussy or repeats untruthful tales,
And she never throws her dolls about, and never bites her
nails.

We've had her only seven years and so she's very young,
But she never answers rudely or puts out a naughty tongue,
She never comes to breakfast late, and never tumbles down,
And when the soap gets in her eyes she doesn't even frown.

I cannot be so good although I'm getting on for nine ;
And often when I'm in disgrace I think it would be fine
If I could steal a fairy wand one night and change myself
And be like her—the china girl upon our mantelshelf.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE TYPIST WHO POWDERED HER NOSE

By T. BOLT

THE moral contained in this frivolous song

Is not what a moral should be.

Perhaps you will think it disgracefully wrong

But don't lay the blame upon me,

Since passion for truth makes me bound to disclose

This tale of a typist who powdered her nose.

She went to an office to type for the boss

Who made her chief typist at once ;

He smiled at her blunders and never seemed cross,

Although the girl typed like a dunce

Such things should not be but she tells me she owes

This job to the fact that she powdered her nose.

Another girl went to the very same place

Whose work was a joy to behold,

But she had been taught not to powder her face

And so her nose shone in the cold,

It gleamed in the sun and it glowed when it froze

For she thought it sinful to powder her nose.

The first of these girls is now happily wed,
The boss has just made her his wife.
The other one still has to type for her bread
Thus virtue gets left in this life !
And typists have all heard this tale, I suppose,
For now I see every one powders her nose !

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

THE NINE BARROWS

By G. F. BRADBY

1

Up at the Nine Barrows
The wind is cold at nights ;
Up at the Nine Barrows
Shepherds have seen strange sights ;
A figure flitting to and fro
Where kings were buried long ago—
Eight with their spears and arrows,
And one with a broken bow.

2

Heather and moss are growing ;
The mounds are tall and steep,
And the far ships see them glowing ;
But the ninth is only a heap ;
Last in a row of goodly girth
That covered the kings and marked their worth—
Eight with a royal showing,
And one with a little earth.

3

Now there are grazing cattle
And the wild bee's murmurings ;
Now there is shepherd's prattle
Over the dust of kings ;
The kings who ruled with little art
And died, when each had played his part—
Eight in the joy of battle,
And one of a broken heart.

[*From " Fireside, Country and Other Poems ", Oxford Press.*

By kind permission of the Author.]

TO A THRUSH

By G. F. BRADBY

SING on, brave bird ! through the soft-dropping rain
That dews the listening air,
Sing ever on in that triumphant strain,
Bidding the world prepare,
The cold incredulous world, prepare for Spring,
When scarce a violet shows
Its earliest blossom, like a frightened thing,
Above the melting snows.
No alien voice art thou with alien tongue,
But nurtured here among the storms and showers
That speak the ocean's powers,
Comrade of all the seasons, free, and strong,
Singing to English hearts in English song
The music of this island home of ours.

Not thine the perilous quest, when Summer wanes,
Of lands beyond the sea,
Our little England with her trees and lanes
Is world enough for thee,
Enough the gray sweep of our rolling skies,
The low wind on the wold,
The murmur of the myriad harmonies
That haunt the field and fold.
Others, returning, sing of southern days,
And far-off landscapes lit with sunnier glow ;
Thou art content to know
The old-world beauty of our woodland ways
That tuned the soul of Shakespeare into praise
By Avon's quiet waters, long ago.

Sing bravely on ! Not all the nightingales
That pipe with tremulous throat
Through the long evenings, as the twilight fails,
Can match thy wild sweet note,
The rapturous tones of thy prophetic call
That bids the world rejoice
And fills the barren waste of March with all
The magic of a voice.

Prophet of gladness with the passionate cry,
Kindle our hearts that wither in cold state,
Ere yet it be too late !
Give us thy sense of woods and fields and sky !
Oh ! teach us in our grandeur, lest we die,
The love of freedom that alone is great.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

LOVE-IN-A-MIST

By G. F. BRADBY

LOVE-IN-A-MIST, love-in-a-mist,
Eyes that have laughed, lips that have kissed,
Little flower with the lovely name,
Whisper me, when did you win the same ?

“ Long ago when the world was young,
When hearts were high and the spirit strong,
When the woodland spoke and the stream flowed by
For the hearing ear and the seeing eye,
When the stars were lamps and the flowers were bells
And fairies danced in the woodland dells,
And shepherds sang of the field and flood
To folk who listened and understood.”

Love-in-a-mist, there is no more song,
For the flowers have tedious names and long.
The lamps are out, and the bells are dumb,
And nobody hears when the fairies come ;
For another age, in another mould,
Has bartered sight for the gift of gold,
And other folk possess the land,
Who neither love nor understand.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE PETRIFIED FERN

BY MARY BOLLES BRANCH

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender ;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees ;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day !
Oh, the agony ! Oh, life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep ;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

RUPERT BROOKE
THE GREAT LOVER

BY RUPERT BROOKE

I HAVE been so great a lover : filled my days
 So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
 The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
 Desire illimitable, and still content,
 And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
 For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
 Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
 Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
 Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
 My night shall be remembered for a star
 That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
 Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
 Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
 High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
 The inenarrable godhead of delight ?
 Love is a flame ;—we have beaconed the world's night.
 A city :—and we have built it, these and I.
 An emperor :—we have taught the world to die.
 So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
 And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
 Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
 And set them as a banner, that men may know,
 To dare the generations, burn, and blow
 Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming . . .

These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
 Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery dust ;
 Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light ; the strong crust
 Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;
 Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;
 And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;
 And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
 Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon ;
 Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
 Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss
 Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is
 Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen
 Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;

The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;
 The good smell of old clothes ; and other such—
 The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
 Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
 About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .

Dear names,

And thousand other throng to me ! Royal flames ;
 Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring ;
 Holes in the ground ; and voices that do sing ;
 Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain,
 Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-panting train ;
 Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam
 That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home ;
 And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold
 Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;
 Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;
 And oaks ; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new ;
 And new-peeled sticks ; and shining pools on grass ;—
 All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
 Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
 Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
 To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
 They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
 Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
 And sacramented covenant to the dust.
 —Oh, never a doubt but? somewhere, I shall wake,
 And give what's left of love again, and make
 New friends, now strangers . . .

But the best I've known,

Stays here, and changes, breaks; grows old, is blown
 About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
 Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
 This one last gift I give : that after men
 Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
 Praise you, " All these were lovely " ; say, " He loved."

[By kind permission of the publishers,
 Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.]

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

By ROBERT BROWNING

OH, to be in England,
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew.
 The buttercups, the little children's dower—
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.

PROSPICE

By ROBERT BROWNING

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(As Distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality)

By ROBERT BROWNING

I

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square ;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window
there !

II

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least !
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast ;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than
a beast.

III

Well now, look at our villa ! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on the mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull !
—I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned
wool.

IV

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses !
Why ?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to
take the eye !
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry ;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who
hurries by ;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun
gets high ;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted
properly.

V

What of a villa ? Though winter be over in March by
rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off
the heights :
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen
steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint grey olive-
trees.

VI

Is it better in May, I ask you ? You've summer all at
once ;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three
fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red
bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick
and sell.

VII

Is it ever hot in the square ? There's a fountain to spout
and splash !
In the shade it sings and springs ; in the shine such foam-
bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle
and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not
abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in
a sort of sash.

VIII

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you
linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted
forefinger.
Some think fire-flies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and
mingle,
Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is
shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous
firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the
fever and chill.

IX

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells
begin :
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in :
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets
blood, draws teeth ;
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play,
piping hot !
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves
were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new
law of the Duke's !
Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don
So-and-so,
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, St Jerome, and Cicero,
“ And moreover,” (the sonnet goes rhyming) “ the skirts
of St Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous
than ever he preached.”
Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession ! our Lady borne
smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords
stuck in her heart !
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife ;
No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure
in life.

X

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear ! fowls, wine, at double
 the rate.
 They have clapped new tax upon salt, and what oil pays
 passing the gate
 It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the
 city !
 Beggars can scarcely be choosers : but still—ah, the pity,
 the pity !
 Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with
 cowls and sandals,
 And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the
 yellow candles ;
 One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross
 with handles,
 And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better
 prevention of scandals :
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
 Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in
 life !

COUNT GISMOND

Aix in Provence

By ROBERT BROWNING

I

CHRIST God who savest man, save most
 Of men Count Gismond who saved me !
 Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
 Chose time and place and company
 To suit it ; when he struck at length
 My honour, 'twas with all his strength.

II

And doubtlessly, ere he could draw
 All points to one he must have schemed !
 That miserable morning saw
 Few half so happy as I seemed,
 While being dressed in queen's array
 To give our tourney prize away.

III

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves ; 'twas all their deed
God makes, or fair or foul, our face ;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousin's hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

IV

They, too, so beauteous ! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast ;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head !

V

But no : they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each on arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs—

?

VI

And come out on the morning troop
Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
And called me queen, and made me stoop
Under the canopy—(a streak
That pierced it, of the outside sun,
Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

VII

And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My queen's-day—Oh I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud !

VIII

However that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down, 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
No long time . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain !

IX

See ! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys ; I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
But Gauthier ? and he thundered " Stay !"
And all stayed. " Bring no crowns, I say !

X

" Bring torches ! Wind the penance-sheet
About her ! Let her shun the chaste,
Or lay herself before their feet !
Shall she, whose body I embraced
A night long, queen it in the day ?
For honour's sake no crowns, I say ! "

XI

I ? What I answered ? As I live,
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it ? No more says the soul.

XII

Till out strode Gismond ; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan : who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end ?

XIII

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, south,
East, west, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

XIV

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart o' the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed
By any doubt of the event :
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part : I did.

XV

Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while ! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

?

XVI

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground :
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

XVII

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first, to God's second death !
Say, hast thou lied ? " And, " I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

XVIII

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
 —What safe my heart holds, though no word
 Could I repeat now, if I tasked
 My powers for ever, to a third
 Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
 Until I sank upon his breast.

XIX

Over my head his arm he flung
 Against the world ; and scarce I felt
 His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
 A little shifted in its belt :
 For he began to say the while
 How south our home lay many a mile.

XX

So, 'mid the shouting multitude
 We two walked forth to never more
 Return. My cousins have pursued
 Their life, untroubled as before
 I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
 God lighten ! May his soul find grace !

XXI

Our elder boy has got the clear
 Great brow ; tho' when his brother's black
 Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here ?
 And have you brought my tercel back ?
 I was just telling Adela
 How many birds it struck since May.

 THE ISLES OF GREECE

By LORD BYRON

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse :
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest ".

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest !
Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold Buccchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

O that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind!

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells;

In native swords and native ranks

The only hope of courage dwells:

But Turkish force and Latin fraud

Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

THE SHIPWRECK

By LORD BYRON

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep. Twelve days had Fear
Been their Familiar,—and now Death was here !

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell !
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die !

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ! and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

THOMAS CAMPBELL
THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

By THOMAS CAMPBELL

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow ;
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun,
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens : On, ye brave !
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

By G. K. CHESTERTON

I HAD grown weary of him ; of his breath
And hands and features I was sick to death.
Each day I heard the same dull voice and tread ;
I did not hate him ; but I wished him dead.
And he must with his blank face fill my life—
Then my brain blackened, and I snatched a knife.

But ere I struck, my soul's grey deserts through
A voice cried, " Know at least what thing you do.
" This is a common man : knowest thou, O soul,
What this thing is ? Somewhere where seasons roll
There is some living thing for whom this man
Is seven heavens girt into a span,
Now know you well your deed and purpose. Slay !
Then I cast down the knife upon the ground
And saw that mean man for one moment crowned.
I turned and laughed ; for there was no one by.
The man that I had sought to slay was I.

[By kind permission of the Author,
and of the Publisher, Mr Cecil Palmer.]

A CHILD OF THE SNOWS

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE is heard a hymn when the panes are dim,
And never before or again ;
When the nights are strong with a darkness long,
And the dark is alive with rain.

Never we know but in sleet and snow,
The place where the great fires are,
That the midst of the earth is a raging mirth,
And the heart of the earth a star.

And at night we win to the ancient inn
Where the child in the frost is furl'd,
We follow the feet where all souls meet
At the inn at the end of the world.

The gods lie dead where the leaves lie red,
 For the flame of the sun is flown,
 The gods lie cold where the leaves lie gold
 And a child comes forth alone.

*[By kind permission of the Author,
 and of the Publisher, Mr Cecil Palmer.]*

NICHOLAS NYE

By WALTER DE LA MARE

THISTLE and darnel and dock grew there,
 And a bush, in the corner, of may,
 On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
 In the blazing heat of the day ;
 Half asleep and half awake,
 While the birds went twittering by,
 And nobody there my lone to share
 But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and gray,
 Lame of a leg and old,
 More than a score of donkey's years
 He had seen since he was foaled ;
 He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
 Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
 And turn to his head, as if he said,
 " Poor Nicholas Nye ! "

Along with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
 Lazily swinging his tail,
 At break of day he used to bray—
 Not much too hearty and hale ;
 But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
 And a clear calm light in his eye,
 And once in a while, he'd smile—
 Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
 From his bush in the corner, of may,—
 Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
 Knobble-kneed, lonely and gray ;
 And over the grass would seem to pass
 'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
 Something much better than words between me
 And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glow-worm shine,
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine ;
And there in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

THE SCARECROW

By WALTER DE LA MARE

ALL winter through I bow my head
Beneath the driving rain ;
The North wind powders me with snow
And blows me black again ;
At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff.
As mail at morning-prime.
But when that child, called Spring, and all
His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
These acres of my home,
Some rapture in my rags awakes ;
I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes
Of my strange master, Man.
I watch him striding lank behind
His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
Where once lay sterile snow ;
Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sun-begotten grain,
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
For harvest once again.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

OFF THE GROUND

By WALTER DE LA MARE

THREE jolly farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground.
Out of their coats
They slipped right soon,
And neat and nicesome
Put each his shoon.
One—Two—Three !
And away they go,
Not too fast
And not too slow ;
Out from the elm-tree's
Noonday shadow,
Into the sun
And across the meadow.
Past the schoolroom,
With knees well bent,
Fingers a-flicking,
They dancing went.
Upsides and over,
And round and round,
They crossed click-clacking
The Parish bound ;
By Tupman's meadow
They did their mile,
Tee-to-Tum
On a three-barred stile.
Then straight through Whipham
Downhill to Week,
Footing it lightsome
But not too quick,
Up fields to Watchet,
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,
Farms in the valley,
And sheep on the hills ;

Old Man's Acre
And Dead Man's Pool
All left behind
As they danced through Wool.
And Wool gone by
Like tops that seem
To spin in sleep
They danced in dream :
Withy—Wellover—
Wassop—Wo—
Like an old clock
Their heels did go.
A league and a league
And a league they went,
And not one weary
And not one spent.
And lo, and behold !
Past Willow-cum-Leigh
Stretched with its waters
The great green sea.
Says Farmer Bates :
“ I puffs and I blows,
What's under the water
Why, no man knows ! ”
Says Farmer Giles :
“ My mind comes weak,
And a good man drowned
Is far to seek.”
But Farmer Turvey,
On twirling toes,
Ups with his gaiters,
And in he goes :
Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day ;
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair . . .
Bates and Giles
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey's
Floating hat.

But never a ripple
 Nor bubble told
 Where he was supping
 Off plates of gold.
 Never an echo
 Rilled through the sea.
 Of the feasting and dancing
 And minstrelsy.
 They called—called—called :
 Came no reply :
 Nought but the ripples'
 Sandy sigh.
 Then glum and silent
 They sat instead
 Vacantly brooding
 On home and bed,
 Till both together
 Stood up and said :
 " Us knows not, dreams not
 Where you be,
 Turvey, unless
 In the deep blue sea ;
 But axcusing silver—
 And it comes most willing—
 Here's us two paying
 Our forty shilling ;
 For it's sartin sure, Turvey,
 Safe and sound
 You danced us square, Turvey,
 Off the ground ! "

[By kind permission of the Author.]

" AU REVOIR "

A DRAMATIC VIGNETTE

By AUSTIN DOBSON

SCENE.—*The Fountain in the Garden of the Luxembourg.
It is surrounded by Promenaders.*

MONSIEUR JOLICŒUR.

A LADY (*unknown*).

M. JOLICŒUR :
 'Tis she, no doubt. Brunette,—and tall :
 A charming figure, above all !
 This promises.—Ahem !

THE LADY : Monsieur ?
 Ah ! it is three. Then Monsieur's name
 Is JOLICŒUR ? . . .

M. JOLICŒUR : Madame, the same.

THE LADY :
 And Monsieur's goodness has to say ? . . .
 Your note ? . . .

M. JOLICŒUR : Your note.

THE LADY : Forgive me.—Nay.

(Reads)

" If Madame [I omit] will be
 Beside the Fountain rail at Three,
 Then Madame—possibly—may hear
 News of her Spaniel. JOLICŒUR."
 Monsieur denies his note ?

M. JOLICŒUR : I do.
 Now let me read the one from you.
 " If Monsieur Jolicœur will be
 Beside the Fountain-rail at Three,
 Then Monsieur—possibly—may meet
 An old Acquaintance. 'INDISCREET.' "

THE LADY (scandalized) :
 Ah, what a folly ! 'Tis not true.
 I never met Monsieur. And you ?

M. JOLICŒUR (with gallantry) :
 Have lived in vain till now. But see :
 We are observed.

THE LADY (looking round) : I comprehend . . .
 (After a pause)

Monsieur, malicious brains combine
 For your discomforture, and mine.
 Let us defeat that ill design.
 If Monsieur but . . . (hesitating).

M. JOLICŒUR (bowing). Rely on me.

THE LADY (still hesitating) :
 Monsieur, I know, will understand . . .

M. JOLICŒUR :
 Madame, I wait but your command.

THE LADY :

You are too good. Then condescend
At once to be a new-found Friend !

M. JOLICŒUR (*entering upon the part forthwith*) :
How ? I am charmed,—enchanted. Ah !
What ages since we met . . . at *Spa* ?

THE LADY (*a little disconcerted*) :
At *Ems*, I think. Monsieur, maybe,
Will recollect the Orangery ?

M. JOLICŒUR :
At *Ems*, of course. But Madame's face
Might make one well forget a place.

THE LADY :
It seems so. Still, Monsieur recalls
The *Kürhaus*, and the concert-balls ?

M. JOLICŒUR :
Assuredly. Though there again
'Tis Madame's image I retain.

THE LADY :
Monsieur is skilled in . . . repartee.
(How do they take it ?—Can you see ?)

M. JOLICŒUR :
Nay,—Madame furnishes the wit.
(They don't know what to make of it !)

THE LADY :
And Monsieur's friend who sometimes came ? . . .
That clever . . . I forget the name.

M. JOLICŒUR :
The *BARON* ! . . . It escapes me, too.
'Twas doubtless he that Madame knew ?

THE LADY (*archly*) :
Precisely. But, my carriage waits.
Monsieur will see me to the gates ?

M. JOLICŒUR (*offering his arm*) :
I shall be charmed. (Your stratagem
Bids fair, I think, to conquer them.)

(*Aside*)

(Who is she ? I must find that out.)
—And madame's husband thrives, no doubt ?

THE LADY (*off her guard*):
Monsieur de BEAU—? . . . He died at *Dôle*!

M. JOLICEUR: Truly. How sad!

(*Aside*)

(Yet, on the whole,
How fortunate! BEAU-*pré*?—BEAU-*vau*?
Which can it be? Ah, there they go!)
—Madame, your enemies retreat
With all the honours of . . . defeat.

THE LADY:

Thanks to Monsieur. Monsieur has shown
A skill PRÉVILLE could not disown.

M. JOLICEUR:

You flatter me. We need no skill
To act so nearly what we will.
Nay,—what may come to pass, if Fate
And Madame bid me cultivate . . .

THE LADY (*anticipating*):

Alas!—No farther than the gate.
Monsieur, besides, is too polite
To profit by a jest so slight.

M. JOLICEUR:

Distinctly. Still, I did but glance
At possibilities . . . of Chance.

THE LADY:

Which must not serve Monsieur, I fear,
Beyond the little grating here.

M. JOLICEUR (*aside*):

(She's perfect. One may push too far,
Piano, sano.)

(*They reach the gates.*)

Here we are.

Permit me, then . . .

(*Placing her in the carriage.*)

And Madame goes? . . .

Your coachman? . . . Can I? . . .

THE LADY (*smiling*): Thanks! he knows
Thanks! Thanks!

M. JOLICŒUR :

And shall we not renew
Our . . . "*Ems* acquaintanceship" ?

THE LADY (*still smiling*) : Adieu !
My thanks instead !

M. JOLICŒUR (*with pathos*) :

It is too hard !

(*Laying his hand on the grating.*)

To find one's Paradise is barred ! !

THE LADY :

Nay.—"Virtue is her own Reward !"

(*Exit.*)

M. JOLICŒUR (*solus*) :

BEAU-*vau* ?—BEAU-*vallon* ?—BEAU-*manoir* ?—

But that's a detail !

(*Waving his hand after the carriage.*)

AU REVOIR !

[*By kind permission of the Clarendon Press.*]

THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH

By AUSTIN DOBSON

(*WE lay our story in the East.
Because 'tis Eastern ? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And seem to touch with impious hand
Our dear, confiding native land.*)

Haroun Alraschid, in the days
He went about his vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of BAGDAD,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A Carver.

Fair his work and fine
With mysteries of inlaced design,

And shapes of shut significance
 To aught but an anointed glance,—
 The dreams and visions that grow plain
 In darkened chambers of the brain.
 And all day busily he wrought
 From dawn to eve, but no one bought ;—
 Save when some Jew with look askant,
 Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,
 Would pause awhile,—depreciate,—
 Then buy a month's work by the weight,
 Bearing it swiftly over seas
 To garnish rich men's treasures.

And now for long none bought at all,
 So lay he sullen in his stall.
 Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
 And smote his staff upon the ground—
 " Ho, there, within ? Hast wares to sell ?
 Or Slumber'st, having dined too well ? "
 " " Dined, " quoth the man, with angry eyes,
 " How should I dine, when no one buys ? "
 " Nay, " said the other, answering low,—
 " Nay, I but jested. Is it so ?
 Take then this coin, . . . but take beside
 A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
 This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
 Is too refined,—remote,—minute ;
 These small conceptions can but fail ;
 'Twere best to work on larger scale,
 And rather choose such themes as wear
 More of the earth and less of air :
 The fisherman that hauls his net,—
 The merchants in the market set,—
 The couriers posting in the street,—
 The gossips as they pass and greet,—
 These—these are clear to all men's eyes,
 Therefore with these they sympathise.
 Further (neglect not this advice !)
 Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head ;
 He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.
 From that day forth his work was planned
 So that the world might understand.

He carved it deeper, and more plain ;
He carved it thrice as large again ;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost ;
—Ah, but the Artist that was lost !

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

ON A NANKIN PLATE

By AUSTIN DOBSON

“ AH me, but it might have been !
Was there ever so dismal a fate ? ”—
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

“ Such a maid as was never seen !
She passed, tho’ I cried to her ‘ Wait ’,—
Ah me, but it might have been !

“ I cried, ‘ O my Flower, my Queen,
Be mine ! ’ ’Twas precipitate ”—
Quoth the little blue mandarin,—

“ But then . . . she was just sixteen,—
Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—
Ah me, but it might have been !

“ As it was, from her palankeen,
She laughed—‘ You’re a week too late ! ’ ”
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

“ That is why, in a mist of spleen,
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.
Ah me, but it might have been ! ”—
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

By AUSTIN DOBSON

I

II

You are fair ; O yes, we know it
Well, Marquise :
For he swore it, your last poet,
On his knees ;
And he called all heaven to witness
Of his ballad and its fitness,
“ Belle Marquise ! ”—

You were everything in *ère*
 (With exception of *sévère*),—
 You were *cruelle* and *rebelle*,
 With the rest of rhymes as well ;
 You were "*Reine*", and "*Mère d'Amour*" ;
 You were "*Vénus à Cythère*" ;
 "*Sappho mise en Pompadour*,"
 And "*Minerve en Parabère*" ;
 You had every grace of heaven
 In your most angelic face,
 With the nameless finer leaven
 Lent of blood and courtly race ;
 And he added, too, in duty,
 Ninon's wit and Boufflers' beauty ;
 And La Vallière's *yeux veloutés*
 Followed these ;
 And you liked it, when he said it
 (On his knees),
 And you kept it, and you read it,
 "*Belle Marquise !*"

III

Yet with us your toilet graces
 Fail to please,
 And the last of your last faces,
 And your *mise* ;
 For we hold you just as real,
 "*Belle Marquise !*"
 As your *Bergers* and *Bergères*,
Iles d'Amour and *Batelières* ;
 As your *parcs*, and your *Versailles*,
 Gardens, grottoes, and *rocailles* ;
 As your *Naiads* and your *trees* ;—
 Just as near the old ideal
 Calm and ease,
 As the *Venus* there, by *Coustou*,
 That a fan would make quite flighty,
 Is to her the gods were used to,—
 Is to grand Greek *Aphroditè*,
 Sprung from seas.
 You are just a porcelain trifle,
 "*Belle Marquise !*"
 Just a thing of puffs and patches,
 Made for madrigals and catches,

Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,
 O Marquise !
 Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”
 Wrought in rarest *rose-Dubarry*,
 Quick at verbal point and parry,
 Clever, doubtless ;—but to marry,
 No, Marquise !

IV

For your Cupid, you have clipped him,
 Rouged and patched him, nipped and snipped him,
 And with *chapeau-bras* equipped him,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”
 Just to arm you through your wife-time,
 And the langours of your life-time,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”
 Say, to trim your toilet tapers,
 Or,—to twist your hair in papers,
 Or,—to wean you from the vapours :—
 As for these,
 You are worth the love they give you,
 Till a fairer face outlive you,
 Or a younger grace shall please ;
 Till the coming of the crow's feet,
 And the backward turn of beaux' feet,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”—
 Till your frothed-out life's commotion
 Settles down to Ennui's ocean,
 Or a dainty sham^d devotion,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”

V

No : we neither like nor love you,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”
 Lesser lights we place above you,—
 Milder merits better please.
 We have passed from *Philosophe*-dom
 Into plainer modern days,—
 Grown contented in our oafdom,
 Giving grace not all the praise ;
 And, *en partant*, *Arsinoé*,—
 Without malice whatsoever,—
 We shall counsel to our Chloë

To be rather good than clever ;
 For we find it hard to smother
 Just one little thought, Marquise !
 Wittier perhaps than any other,—
 You were neither Wife nor Mother,
 “ *Belle Marquise !* ”

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

By AUSTIN DOBSON

“ *De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier.* ”

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
 And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
 As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
 “ He is old,—so old ! And he soon must die ! ”

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
 And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare ;
 And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
 “ He is older now ! He will soon be dead ! ”

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
 That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground ;
 And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
 And he raked them gently under the mould.

*And I wove the thing to a randon rhyme,
 For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.*

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

A POST IMPRESSIONIST

By SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

PETER WILSON, A.R.A.,
 In his small atelier
 Studied Continental Schools,
 Drew by academic rules.

So he made his bid for fame,
But no golden answer came,
For the fashion of his day
Chanced to set the other way,
And decadent forms of Art
Drew the patrons of the mart.

Now the poor reward of merit
Rankled so in Peter's spirit,
It was more than he could bear ;
So one night in mad despair
He took his canvas for the year
(" Isle of Wight from Southsea Pier "),
And he hurled it from his sight,
Hurled it blindly to the night,
Saw it fall *diminuendo*
From the open lattice window,
Till it landed with a flop
On the dust-bin's ashen top,
Where, 'mid damp and rain and grime,
It remained till morning time.

Then when morning brought reflection
He was shamed at his dejection,
And he thought with consternation
Of his poor ill-used creation ;
Down he rushed, and found it there,
Lying all exposed and bare,
Mud-bespattered, spoiled, and botched,
Water-sodden, fungus-blotched,
All the outlines blurred and wavy,
All the colours turned to gravy,
Fluids of a dappled hue,
Blues on red and reds on blue,
A pea-green mother with her daughter,
Crazy boats on crazy water
Steering out to who knows what,
An island or a lobster-pot ?

Oh, the wretched man's despair !
Was it lost beyond repair ?
Swift he bore it from below,
Hastened to the studio,
Where with anxious eyes he studied
If the ruin, blotched and muddied,

Could by any human skill.
 Be made a normal picture still.
 Thus in most repentent mood
 Unhappy Peter Wilson stood,
 When, with pompous face, self-centred,
 Willoughby, the critic, entered—
 He of whom it has been said
 He lives a century ahead—
 And sees with his prophetic eye
 The forms which Time will justify,
 A fact which surely must abate
 All longing to re-incarnate.

“Ah, Wilson,” said the famous man,
 Turning himself the walls to scan,
 The same old style of thing I trace,
 Workmanlike, but commonplace.
 Believe me, sir, the work that lives
 Must furnish more than Nature gives.
 “The light that never was, you know,
 That is your mark—but here, hullo!
 What’s this? What’s this? Magnificent!
 I’ve wronged you, Wilson! I repent!
 A masterpiece! A perfect thing!
 What atmosphere! What colouring!
 Spanish Armada, is it not?
 A view of Ryde, no matter what,
 I pledge my critical renown
 That this will be the talk of town.
 Where did you get those daring hues,
 Those blues on reds, those reds on blues?
 That pea-green face, that gamboge sky?
 You’ve far outcried the latest cry—
 Out Monet-ed Monet. I have said
 Our Art was sleeping, but not dead.
 Long have we waited for the Star,
 I watched the skies for it afar,
 The hour has come—and here you are.”

And that is how our artist friend
 Found his struggles at an end,
 And from his little Chelsea flat
 Became the Park Lane plutocrat.
 'Neath his sheltered garden wall
 When the rain begins to fall,

And the stormy winds do blow,
 You may see them in a row,
 Red effects and lake and yellow
 Getting nicely blurred and mellow,
 With the subtle gauzy mist
 Of the great Impressionist.
 Ask him how he chanced to find,
 How to leave the French behind,
 And he answers quick and smart,
 "English climate's best for Art."

[From "*Songs of the Road*".
 By kind permission of the Author.]

THE BLIND ARCHER

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

LITTLE boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
 Shooting down at the ballroom floor;
 He hit an old chaperone watching the dance,
 And oh! but he wounded her sore.
 "Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?"
 No word would he say,
 But he flew on his way,
 For the little boy's busy, and how could he stay?

Little boy Love drew a shaft just for sport
 At the soberest club in Pall Mall;
 He winged an old veteran drinking his port,
 And down that old veteran fell.
 "Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?"
 This cannot be right!
 It's ludicrous quite!"
 But it's no use to argue, for Love's out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart
 Was planning a celibate vow;
 But the boy's random arrow has sunk in his heart,
 And the cell is an empty one now.
 "Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!
 Hi, Love, what would you be at?"
 He is not for you,
 He has duties to do."
 "But I *am* his duty," quoth Love as he flew.

The king sought a bride, and the nation had hoped
 For a queen without rival or peer.
 But the little boy shot, and the king has eloped
 With Miss No-one on Nothing a year.

"Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at?

What an impudent thing

To make game of a king!"

"But *I'm* a king also," cried Love on the wing.

Little boy Love grew pettish one day;

"If you keep on complaining," he swore.

"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,
 And so I shall plague you no more."

"Hey, Love, you mustn't do that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at?

You may ruin our ease,

You may do what you please,

But we can't do without you, you dear little tease!"

[From "*Songs of Action*",
 published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.
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THE MIRACLE

By JOHN DRINKWATER

COME, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
 Most wonderful to tell you—news of spring.

Albeit winter still is in the air,
 And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,

Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
 The spring—her feet went shining through the grass.

She touched the ragged hedgerows—I have seen
 Her finger-prints, most delicately green;

And she has whispered to the crocus leaves,
 And to the garrulous sparrows in the eaves.

Swiftly she passed and shyly, and her fair
 Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay, her season is not yet,
But she has re-awakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent.

Triumphant news—a miracle I sing—
The everlasting miracle of spring.

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and of the Publishers, Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.*]

LINES FOR THE OPENING OF THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE

By JOHN DRINKWATER

To you good ease, and grace to love us well :
 To us good ease, and grace some tale to tell
 Worthy your love. We stand with one consent
 To plead anew a holy argument—
 For art is holy. We to whom there falls
 The charge that men may see within these walls
 The comely chronicle of comely plays
 You, who shall quicken us with blame or praise
 Desire alike but this, that here shall spring
 Such issue of our labour as may bring
 Fresh laurels to the altars that have known
 Service of men whose passion might atone
 For worlds than this more faithless, men whose names
 Are very life—aye, swift and urgent flames
 Of living are they. These are over us
 To lighten all our travel : Aeschylus
 Euripides, the Sophoclean song,
 And Aristophanes, who captured wrong,
 In nets of laughter, lords of the Attic stage,
 The fourfold Greek dominion ; and the age
 Of nameless poets when the hope began
 To quicken from the blood of *Everyman*
 Into the splendour of Marlowe's kingly lust
 Of kingly life, the glory that thieves nor rust
 Can ever spoil, whose name is manifold—
 Ford, Massinger, Dekker, Webster aureoled
 With light of hell made holy, Middleton,
 Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, aye, and one

Whom even these the lords of beauty's passion,
 Might crown for beauty's high imperial fashion
 In classic calm of intellectual rule,
 Ben Jonson. Sirs, I am nor wit nor fool
 To speak in praise of him whose name is praise,
 Whose word is on the forehead of the days,
 Shakespeare, our master tried and proved how well,
 Mortality's immortal chronicle.

Under the warrant of these men we sail,
 And theirs whose later labour these might hail,
 Congreve and Otway: the Good-Natured Man,
 Proud tattered Oliver: Dick Sheridan,
 Who played at passion, but free-born of wit
 Put scandal out to school and laughed at it;
 These few that stand between the golden age
 When poets made a marvel of the stage,
 And—do we dare to dream it?—an age that stirred
 But yesterday, whereof the dawning word,—
 Spoken when Ibsen spake, and here reset
 To many tunes on lips untutored yet
 For speech Olympian, albeit pure of will,—
 Shall ripen into witness that we still
 Are countrymen of those glad poets dead;
 The seed is sown, the barren days are sped.
 And they who sowed, are sowing? He beguiled
 By who shall say what envious madness, Wilde,
 Misfortune's moth and laughter's new wing-feather,
 Remembering now no black despitful weather:
 Hankin, and he, the cleanser of our day,
 Whose art is both a Preface and a Play,
 And he who pities, as poets have pitied, life
 Of *Justice* reft, so driven and torn in *Strife*,
 And one who cries in *Waste* some news of man,
 And one who finds in the bruised hearts of *Nan*
 And *Pompey* tragic and old yet timeless things:
 And that dead Playboy, and his peer who sings
 Yet of Cuchulain by the western sea—
 Of these is sown the seed that yet shall be
 A heavy-waggoned harvest, masters mine,
 Gathered by men whom now the immoderate wine
 Of song is making ready.

In these walls
 Look not for that light trickery that falls

To death at birth, wrought piecemeal at the will
 Of apes who seek to ply their mimic skill :
 Here shall the player work as work he may,
 Yet shall he work in service of the play.
 Nor shall you here find pitiful release
 From life's large pressure, nay, but new increase
 Of life made urgent by these master-men
 Who are our captains. Life, and life again—
 Tragic or brave, free-witted, gentle, signed,
 Of beauty's passion or the adventurous mind,
 Or light as orchard blossom, motley wear,
 But life's wear always—that shall be our care
 And all shall surely follow. What may be
 Hereafter—to the heavens, to us to see
 No will transgressing on the poet's wish,
 To you to judge the meat before the dish.
 May you that watch and we that serve so grow
 In wisdom as adventuring we go
 That some unwavering light from us may shine.
 We have the challenge of the mighty line—
 God grant us grace to give the countersign.

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A SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

By JOHN DRYDEN

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 " Arise, ye more than dead ! "
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound:
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute,
 In dying notes, discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre;
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above ;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky !

CHEZ BRÉBANT

By F. A. DURIVAGE

THE vicomte is wearing a brow of gloom
 As he mounts the stair to his favourite room.
 " Breakfast for two ! " the *garçons* say,
 " Then the pretty young lady is coming to-day ! "
 But the *patron* mutters, *A Dieu ne plaise*
 I want no clients from Père la Chaise.
 Silver and crystal—a splendid show !
 And a damask cloth white as driven snow.
 The vicomte sits down with a ghastly air,—
 His *vis-à-vis* is an empty chair.
 But he calls to the *garçon*, " Antoine ! *Vite !*
 Place a stool for the lady's feet."
 " The lady, monsieur ? " (in a wavering tone).
 " Yes—when have you known me to breakfast alone ?
 Fill up her glass ! *Versez ! Versez !*
 You see how white are her cheeks to-day :
 Sip it, my darling, 'twas ordered for thee."
 He raises his glass, " *A toi, Mimi !*"
 The *garçon* shudders, for nothing is there
 In the lady's place but an empty chair.
 But still, with an air of fierce unrest,
 The vicomte addresses an unseen guest.
 " Leave us, Antoine : we have much to say,
 And time is precious to me to-day."
 When the *garçon* was gone he sprang up with a start :
 " Mimi is dead of a broken heart.

Could I think, when she gave it with generous joy,
 A woman's heart such a fragile toy ?
 Her trim little figure no longer I see !
 Would I were lying with thee, Mimi !
 For what is life but a hell to me ?
 What splendour and wealth but misery ? "
 A jet of flame and a whirl of smoke !
 A detonation the silence broke.
 The landlord enters, and lying there
 Is the dead vicomte, with a stony glare
 Rigidly fixed on an empty chair.
 " *Il faut avertir le commissaire !*
Ma foi ! Chez Brébant ces choses sont rares ! "

TEMPER IN OCTOBER

By V. L. EDMINSON

HE rode at furious speed to Broken Edge,
 And he was very angry, very small ;
 But God was kind, knowing he needed not
 A scolding, nor a swift unpleasant fall,
 Nor any high reproach of soul at all.
 " It matters not," said Reason and Good Sense ;
 " Absurd to let a trifle grow immense."
 " It matters very much," said Busy Brain ;
 " You cannot be content and calm again,
 For you are angry in a righteous cause."
 " Poor, queer old Waxy ! " laughed the hips and haws.
 " God has a sense of humour," said a ball
 Of orange-gold inside a spindle-berry—
 " And ' Christ our Lorde is full exceeding merrie.' "

He lingered in the lane at Broken Edge,
 Bryony berries burned from every hedge ;
 Snails in the deep wet grass of fairy rings
 Told him of unimaginable things.
 Love was in all the colours of the sky,
 Love in the folded shadows of the high
 Blue hills, as quiet as any Easter Eve.
 (O fool, O blind and earthbound thus to grieve !)

He turned his horse. Through level sunset-gleams
He saw a sudden little road that curled
And climbed elusive to a sky of dreams.
His anger over Broken Edge was hurled
To scatter into nothing on a gust
Of wind which brought the twilight to the trees.
The drifted leaves, the white October dust
Hiding the beechnuts for the squirrels' store,
Heard the low whisper spoken on his knees :—
“ God, You have made a very perfect world,
Don't let me spoil it ever any more.”

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

HENRY HEDGEHOG

(*Of Bodenham, in Wiltshire*)

BY V. L. EDMINSON

PRICKLY little Henry Hedgehog
Lived among forget-me-nots
By a river bank.

A sleepy little soul had Henry,
But he loved the wet
Flower-faces, and the lank
Tall water-reeds, which gave him back
A pleasant stiff resistance as he passed.
He thought this life went on for ever ;
Yet, as he burrowed sometimes in the mud,
He found to his annoyance something dead,
An insect or a water-rat :
And rabbits in the meadows had a way
Of lying quiet, very strange and still.
So Henry's little Hedgehog soul was set
On this :—if he should come to die that way,
He didn't want, like other things, to stay
Just quiet in an ugly little heap—
But have a funeral on a fitting scale
Worthy the prickles of his hedgehog-mail.

Now Farmer Combes, who lived beyond the hill,
 Came to the river fields where Henry slept,
 And Combes at shooting bunnies was adept.
 Sudden and sharp the shots rapped out ;
 And Henry, waking very frightened, leapt
 In air, and clearing the forget-me-nots
 Fell in the water with a fatal thud.
 His little soul set free
 Watched what was happening now so curiously.
 The water curled and eddied round the prickly ball,
 Quiet, and very ready to resist.
 A River Fairy came and lightly kissed
 His nose, with elfin chivalry,
 And pushing him through rushes tall
 She gave him to the River Funeral.
 Swiftly the water bore him down the stream—
 (A funeral this beyond his wildest dream :)
 Voices were sorry for him at the river's edge,
 And from the hedge,
 A bird made melody to sing him to the sea.

And so he went, with pomp and pæan high,
 Into the Ocean and the Sunset Sky.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

WIDOW'S FLOWERS

By GODFREY ELTON

OLD Granny Tapstick lives with her flowers,
 Morn and eve she's nodding above them,
 Whispering, muttering, Love them, Love them—
 Love-in-a-mist and Tops-of-Towers,
 Peony, Pansy, Marguerite,
 Canterbury Bell and Bittersweet.

All alone she bides in her garden,
 Watch her shakily to-and-froing,
 How does she keep it sweet and glowing
 Month after month with Rue and Pardon,
 Viola, Foxglove, Bittersweet,
 Crown Imperial, Marguerite ?

Why does she never rest from labours,
Pass the time of day with neighbours ?
Isn't she frightened or cross or lonely
Talking to herbs and blossoms only ?
Isn't she tired of hobbling, bending—
Watering, digging, tying, mending—
All the troubles of flower-tending ?

Silly old Granny, lame and lonely,
Peering and gnarled and jet-bead-laden,
Years ago was a rose-petal maiden,
Many a countryman loved her only ;
She chose one from many ; he
Called her Heartsease, Anemone,
Star-of-Bethlehem, Lights-at-Sea.

Long, long ago the sweet bells sounded,
Long, long ago in clear gold weather ;
Ten gold years they had together,
Ten years long the flowers abounded—
 Briony, Bluebell, Bittersweet,
 Crown Imperial, Marguerite.

Strong is love, but death is stronger,
Golden years could last no longer ;
Some say first love is not binding,
Out of sight is out of minding,
Soonest forgot is soonest mended—
Granny's love has never ended.
Gone is her man, her tender mating,
Granny and he are waiting, waiting.
Years that are dead, her lover's hours
Blossom again with each year's flowers.
That's why she never rests from labours,
Passes the time of day with neighbours,
That's why she's always nodding above them
Whispering, muttering, Love them, Love them.

Primrose and Tulip, Daffodilly,
Long shall they bloom, the flowers he tended
Through slow spring, and when spring has ended
Lavender, Ladyfern, and Lily,
 Peony, Pansy, Marguerite,
 Canterbury Bell and Bittersweet.

[From "Years of Peace".

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GOOD DOG TRAY

By GODFREY ELTON

I SIT by the fire with good dog Tray
And smoke my pipe at the end of day.
A myriad thoughts are in my mind—
Many to loose and a few to bind—
Friends I have laughed with, maidens known,
The winds that through the past have blown,
Glance from a stranger in the crowd,
Droop of flower, colour of cloud.
Such are the reels whereon I wind
The changing substance of my mind;
And what does dog Tray think of?

Flickers the fire and flaps with flame,
Good dog Tray lies curled by the same,
Endlessly dreaming, so it seems,
His own disjoint, nerve-twitching dreams.
Seldom it happens stir he must
As the wind wakes to a wilder gust,
Or falls a coal in the fire, and he
Opens a bright, black eye on me,
Scratches, sniffs at the good, warm scent,
Snuffles, scratches and is content;
Sighs, and sleeps by the fire.

Here by the fire with good dog Tray
I smoke my pipe at the end of day;
Swiftly the dreams go through my head,
Swiftly the living, swiftly the dead—
Thoughts change swiftly, the thoughts go by,
Such are my thoughts, but what am I?
There have been guesses; it may befall
Tray knows most of it after all;
And Tray sleeps by the fire.

[From "Years of Peace".

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A RIDDLE—THE LETTER "H"

By CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
 Our echo caught faintly, the sound as it fell;
 On the confines of earth, 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
 'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest breath,
 Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth,
 In the heaps of the miscr 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir;
 It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned;
 Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found!
 Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned;
 'Twill soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Set in shade, let it rest like a delicate flower;
 Ah! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

SEEIN' THINGS

By EUGENE FIELD

I AIN'T afraid uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
 An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
 I'm pretty brave, I guess, an' yet I hate to go to bed,
 For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug, an' when my prayers
 are said,
 Mother tells me "Happy Dreams!" and takes away the light,
 An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the
 door,

Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor ;
 Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're
 walking 'round

So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound !

Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're
 white,

But the colour ain't no difference when you see things at
 night !

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
 An' father sent me up to bed without a bit to eat,
 I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
 A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so !
 Oh, my ! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
 It's almost alluz when I'm bad that I see things at night !

Lucky thing I ain't a girl or I'd be skeered to death !
 Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head and hold my breath ;
 An' I am, oh ! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
 I promise to be better, and I say my prayers again !
 Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
 When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night !

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
 I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within ;
 An' when they's pie for supper or cakes 'at's big an' nice
 I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice !
 No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out of sight
 Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night !

FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODEON

By JAMES T. FIELDS

“ I AM Nicholas Tacchinardi,—hunchbacked, look you, and
 a fright ;

Caliban himself might never interpose so foul a sight.

Granted ; but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size.

Gaze not on my limbs, good people ; lend your ears and
 not your eyes.

I'm a singer, not a dancer—spare me for a while your din ;

Let me try my voice to-night here,—keep your jests till I
 begin.

Have the kindness but to listen,—this is all I dare to ask.
See, I stand beside the footlights, waiting to begin my task.

If I fail to please you, curse me,—not before my voice you hear,

Thrust me not from the Odeon. Harken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape ;

Called him " monster ", " thing abhorrent ", crying " off, presumptuous ape !

Off, unsightly, baleful creature ! off, and quit the insulted stage !

Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage."

Bowing low, pale Tacchinardi, long accustomed to such threats,

Burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets,—

Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang,—

Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those footlights sang ;

And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries,—

" King of minstrels, live forever ! Shame on fools who have but eyes ! " ?

CARPE DIEM

By EDWARD FITZGERALD

AWAKE ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that put the Stars to Flight
And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,

" Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!

You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

But come with old Khayyám and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:

Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—

To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singers, and—sans End!

[*From the Persian of Omar Khayyám.*]

MARY MAGDALEN

By JAMES ELROY FLECKER

O EYES that strip the souls of men !
There came to me the Magdalen.
Her blue robe with a cord was bound,
Her hair with knotted ivy crowned.
" Arise," she said, " God calls for thee,
Turned to new paths thy feet must be.
Leave the fever and the feast,
Leave the friend thou lovest best :
For thou must walk in barefoot ways,
On hills where God is near to praise."

Then answered I—" Sweet Magdalen,
God's servant, once beloved of men,
Why didst thou change old ways for new,
Thy trailing red for corded blue,
The rose for ivy on thy brow,
That splendour for this barren vow ? "
Gentle of speech she answered me :—
" Sir, I was sick with revelry.
True, I have scarred the night with sin,
A pale and tawdry heroine ;
Yet once I heard a voice that said,
' Who lives in sin is like one dead,
But follow : thy dark eyes shall see
The towns of immortality.' "

" O Mary, not for this," I cried,
" Didst thou renounce thy scented pride
Not for the roll of endless years
Or fields of joy undewed by tears
Didst thou desert the courts of men.
Tell me thy truth, grave Magdalen ! "

She trembled, and her eyes grew dim :—
" For love of Him, for love of Him."

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JAMES ELROY FLECKER
BRYAN OF BRITTANY

By JAMES ELROY FLECKER

ROSES are golden or white or red
And green or grey for a sea,
But the loveliest girl alive, men said,
Was Bryan of Brittany.

Court or courtier never a one
Had Bryan the farmer's lass :
Her glorious hair was spread in the sun
And her feet were dewed in the grass.

Evening opened a flower in the skies
And shut the others asleep :
Home she came with the West in her eyes,
Driving her silver sheep.

" O Mother, say, and brothers seven,
What guests are these we have
With beards as white as the snow of heaven
And their dark faces grave ?

" But are they merchants from the towns
Or captains from the sea,
These that are clothed in crimson gowns,
And bow to the earth to me ? "

" O kiss me, Bryan, and take the ring :
Kiss me good-bye, my daughter :
You're to marry a crownèd king
In Babylon over the water."

Golden hair as the gold of a rose
Had Bryan of Brittany,
And her breasts were white as the foam, and the
light
Of her eyes was the light of the sea.

" What shall I do in Babylon
A crownèd king to keep ?
I'll not leave you and my brother John
And my flock of silver sheep."

" Ah, Bryan, bravely spoken,
And bravely, dear, you speak,
Not to leave me heart-broken
And mother old and weak."

Said James the eldest brother,
With his deep black eyes ablaze,
" They bring us gold, O mother,
And jewels with red rays."

And John, the youngest brother,
Whose eyes were bright and blue,
Said, " Let her go, my mother :
I'll bring her back to you."

" Swear by Christ's love then, my son John,
That when I feel the pain
You'll go to leafy Babylon
And bring her back again."

" By Christ upon the Cross who bled
And the seventy saints of Rome,
I'll go there living or go there dead,
And bring my sister home."

II

It fell the mother had not seen
A second Whitsuntide
Since Bryan sailed, a Persian Queen,
When her seven sons all died.

" O false and faithless, my son John,
And traitor in your tomb :
Who now will go to Babylon
And bring me Bryan home ?—

" Whose hair is the golden gold of a rose,
And red rose lips has she,
And her breasts are as white as the foam, and the
light
Of her eyes is the light of the sea."

III

It chanced a summer night so fair,
A night so fair and calm,
Bryan was combing her beautiful hair
In the moon, beneath a palm.

And gently sounded through the skies
Slow bells of Babylon,
When there came one with bright blue eyes
And the face of her brother John.

"Bryan, away from Babylon :
Our mother weeps to-night !"
"How tall you are, my brother John,
And your blue eyes how bright !"

"Oh, I am tall enough to stand
And eyed enough to see,
And we'll go round by way of the land
From here to Brittany."

Days went on and the road went on
And skies brought paler skies :—
"You never sleep, my brother John,
You never close your eyes."

"O Bryan, sister, do not fear,
And Bryan, do not weep ;
Before I came to find you, dear,
I had enough of sleep."

Days went on and the road went on,
And stars to pale or shine :—
"You never eat, my brother John,
Nor drink a drop of wine."

"Fear not, dear girl : though long our road
So great a strength is mine,
For I have eaten holy food,
And drunk a scented wine."

A month and a year and a day had gone,
They came to a sweet country :
O the silver shades of the forest glades
Of Bryan's Brittany !

And the little birds began to talk
In voices faintly human :—
“ Who ever saw a dead man walk
Beside a rosy woman ? ”

“ O brother, listen to the birds
Chattering all together ! ”
“ The talk of the birds is feather words
And lighter than a feather.

“ Open, mother, to your son John
And open to your daughter :
I bring you Bryan from Babylon,
From Babylon over the water.

“ And her hair is the golden gold of a rose,
And her lips as the red rose tree,
And her breasts are as white as the foam, and the
light
Of her eyes is the light of the sea.

“ But I must back and over the hill,
And Bryan must over the sea,
And you, old mother, who sit quite still,
Must over the hill with me.”

[*By kind permission of the Publisher, Mr. Martin Secker.*]

THE SCARECROW

By MICHAEL FRANKLIN

A SCARECROW stood in a field one day,
Stuffed with straw,
Stuffed with hay ;
He watched the folk on the king's highway,
But never a word said he.

Much he saw but naught did heed,
Knowing not night,
Knowing not day,
For, having naught, did nothing need,
And never a word said he.

A little grey mouse had made its nest,
 Oh so wee,
 Oh so grey,
 In the sleeve of a coat that was poor Tom's best
 But the scarecrow naught said he.

His hat was the home of a small jenny wren,
 Ever so sweet,
 Ever so gay ;
 A squirrel had put by his fear of men
 And kissed him, but naught heeded he.

Ragged old man, I love him well,
 Stuffed with straw,
 Stuffed with hay ;
 Many's the tale that he could tell,
 But never a word says he.

[By kind permission of the Author
 and the Editor of "The Poetry Review".]

PROLOGUE TO SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK

A SCHOOL for Scandal ! tell me, I beseech you,
 Needs there a school this modish art to teach you ?
 No need of lessons now, the knowing think ;
 We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
 Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
 Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers ;
 Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit ;
 Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit*.
 " Lord ! " cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
 And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
 Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing
 Strong tea and scandal—" Bless me, how refreshing !
 Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free ! [Sips.
Last night Lord L. [Sips] was caught with Lady D.
 For aching heads what charming sal volatile ! [Sips.
If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the curtain.
 Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,

But, by ourselves [*Sips*], our praise we can't refuse it.
Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star."

"Yes, ma'am—*A certain Lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square;
For should he Lady W. find willing,
Wormwood is bitter*"—"Oh! that's me! the villain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?
Alas! the devil's sooner raised than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging:
Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude he draws his pen,
And seeks his hydra, Scandal, in his den.
For your applause all perils he would through—
He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,
Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

A FANTASY

By CROSBIE GARSTIN

If you were a white rose Columbine,
And I were a Harlequin,
I'd leap and sway on my spangled hips,
And blow you a kiss with my finger tips,
And woo a smile to your petal lips
With every glittering spin.

If I were a pig-tailed buccaneer
And you were a Bristol girl,
A-rolling home from over the sea,
I'd give you a hug on the landing quay,
A hook-nosed parrot that swore like me,
And a brooch of mother-of-pearl.

If you were a Doña of old Castille
 And a troubadour were I,
 I'd sing at night beneath your room,
 And weave your dreams in a minstrel's loom
 With rainbow tears and the roses' bloom
 And starshine out of the sky.

If I were a powdered Exquisite
 And you were a fair Bellairs,
 I'd press your hand in the gay pavane,
 And whisper under your painted fan
 As I bowed you into your blue sedan
 At the old Assembly stairs.

If you were a Watteau shepherdess
 And I were a gispy lad,
 I'd teach you the tunes that the blackbird trills,
 And show you the dance of the daffodills,
 The white moon rising over the hills
 And night in her jewels clad.

If you were the queen of Make-Believe
 And I were the Prince o' Dreams,
 We'd dress the world in a rich romance
 With Pans a-piping and queens that dance,
 With mantle and plume and rapier glance
 And Beauty's eyes a-gleam.

If I were a Poet, sweet, my own,
 And you were my Lady true,
 I'd hymn your praise by night and morn
 With golden notes through a silver horn,
 That unborn men in an age unborn
 Might thrill with a dream of you.

*[By kind permission of the Author,
 and of the Proprietors of "Punch".]*

BALLADE OF SEPTEMBER

By CROSBIE GARSTIN

WHEN the streets are hot, and the dusty trees
 Throw quivering shadows all in a row
 When the flies persist, and the bumble bees
 Hum drowsy canticles as they go ;

When the mowers glisten as they mow,
 And ripe's the year to the golden prime,
 Then show me the way that leads Westward Ho !
 And hey for the sea in September time !

I ask but little—to loaf at ease
 Down a shining sapphire road I know,
 An idle tiller between my knees,
 While the lazy jibs slat to and fro,
 The ripples cluck to the keel below,
 The sunbeams high in the cabin climb,
 Till the last coast fades in a golden glow—
 Oh, it's hey for the sea in September time !

There's a beat of bells on the off-shore breeze
 And out of the purple, stately slow,
 Like a white ship sailing in silver seas,
 The moon drifts over the starry bow !
 The wheeling beams of the Longships throw
 A wink at the Wolf, and a peace sublime
 Creeps up as the whispering waters flow !
 Oh, it's hey for the sea in September time !

Envoi

Sir Prince, whenever dog-roses blow
 And good blood beats to a languid rhyme,
 Then seize whatever the Fates bestow,
 And hey for the sea in September time !

~ [By kind permission of the Author.]

GEORGE PETER'S ROCK

By CROSBIE GARSTIN

“WHAT keeps you so late, George Peters ?
 Black is the night with the tide-rips fuming,
 Spindrift flying and breakers booming
 Bull-mouthed out on the Zantam Ledges.
 Haul your tackle and hoist your kedges,
 Set a reef in your jib and run down
 East—as the others did at sundown.
 The fish are gone and the Sound's a welter
 Of foam, so you'd best scud to shelter,
 George Peters.”

" It's blowing strong, but I've known it stronger
 I've waited long, and I may wait longer,
 Come time, come tide—but it's neither skate
 That I await
 Nor conger."

" Why don't you come in, George Peters?
 Hugh Town kitchens are bright and cosy.
 Hugh Town windows are twinkling rosy
 Over the harbour. Songs and laughter
 Echo around the old inn rafter
 (Tarpaulin shanties naught could muffle),
 Fiddles jiggle and sea-boots shuffle
 Horn-pipe measures—while in the Sound you
 Crouch with the breakers moaning round you,
 George Peters."

" It couldn't be counted exactly gay here,
 There's nothing but black seas breaking grey here,
 But although the shore lights brightly beckon,
 No less I reckon
 I'll stay here."

" Does no one wait you, George Peters?
 Is there no girl in all St. Mary's
 Quickens your fancy? Surely there is
 Some dark head you have watched in chapel,
 Some cheek pink as the flower of apple,
 Curved deliciously, dimple-dented,
 To wake your blood when the lily-scented,
 Soft, sea-murmurous dusk is stealing
 Spangled with stars and sea-lights wheeling,
 George Peters?"

" It's a pale woman I keep tryst with,
 She slips quietly out of the mist with
 Never a sound but the water drips,
 And it's cold, cold lips
 I'm kissed with.

" Her foam-white arms go over and round me,
 And her green hair binds me as it bound me
 On that first night she rose from the deep,
 Lulled me to sleep
 And drowned me."

[By kind permission of the Author,
 and of the Proprietors of "Punch".]

CHEMIN DES DAMES

By CROSBIE GARSTIN

IN silks and satins the ladies went
 Where the breezes sighed and the poplars bent,
 Taking the air of a Sunday morn
 Midst the red of poppies and gold of corn,
 Flowery ladies in gold brocades,
 With negro pages and serving maids,
 In scarlet coach, or in gilt sedan,
 With brooch and buckle and flower and fan,
 Patch and powder and trailing scent
 Under the trees the ladies went.
 Under the trees that gleamed and glowed,
 As they took the air on the Ladies Road.

Boom of thunder and lightning flash,
 The torn earth rocks to the barrage crash :
 The bullets whine and the bullets sing
 From the mad machine-guns chattering ;
 Black smoke rolling across the mud,
 Trenches plastered with flesh and blood.
 The blue ranks lock with the ranks of grey,
 Stab, and stagger, and sob, and sway ;
 The living cringe from the shrapnel bursts,
 The dying moan of their burning thirsts,
 Moan and die in the gulping slough—
 Oh, where are the butterfly ladies now ?

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 and of the Proprietors of "Punch".]

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

GOOD people all, of every sort
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran.
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye :
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my
heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way
 Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,
 But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in
 spray,
 And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through
 my soul.

[*By kind permission of Messrs. Longman Green & Co.*]

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

By THOMAS GRAY

I

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take ;
 The laughing flowers that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,
 And frantic passions, hear thy soft control :
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command :
 Perching on the scepter'd hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen,
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet ;
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare.
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay,
 With arms sublime that float upon the air ;
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II

Man's feeble race what ills await,
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove.
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky :
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, the glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown'd th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around:
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime,
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secret of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
 He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the field of Glory bear
 Two courses of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far !—but far above the great.

THE ARTIST

By ARTHUR GRISSOM

HE wrought with patience long and weary years
 Upon his masterpiece, entitled " Fate ",
 And dreamed sweet dreams, the while his crust he ate,
 And gave his work his soul, his strength, and tears.
 His task complete at last, he had no fears
 The world would not pronounce his genius great,
 But poor, unknown—pray, what could *he* create ?
 The mad world laughed, and gave not praise, but jeers.
 Impelled to ask wherein his work was wrong,
 He sought, despairing, one whose art was dead,
 But on whose brow were wreathed the bays of Fame :
 The master gazed upon the picture long ;
 " It lacks one thing to make it great," he said,
 And signed the canvas with his own great name !

WEATHERS

By THOMAS HARDY

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I ;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly :
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at " The Travellers' Rest ",
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I ;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply ;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan.]

THE CHILDREN AND SIR NAMELESS

By THOMAS HARDY

SIR NAMELESS, once of Athelhall, declared :
" These wretched children romping in my park
Trample the herbage till the soil is bared,
And yap and yell from early morn till dark !
Go keep them harnessed to their set routines :
Thank God I've none to hasten my decay ;
For green remembrance there are better means
Than offspring, who but wish their sires away."

Sir Nameless of that mansion said anon :
" To be perpetuate for my mightiness
Sculpture must image me when I am gone."
—He forthwith summoned carvers there express
To shape a figure stretching seven-odd feet
(For he was tall) in alabaster stone,
With shield, and crest, and casque, and sword complete :
When done a statelier work was never known.

Three hundred years hied ; Church-restorers came,
 And, no one of his lineage being traced,
 They thought an effigy so large in frame
 Best fitted for the floor. There it was placed,
 Under the seats for schoolchildren. And they
 Kicked out his name, and hobnailed off his nose ;
 And, as they yawn through sermon-time, they say,
 " Who was this old stone man beneath our toes ? "

[*By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan.*]

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

(*Mouth of the Shaft*)

By BRET HARTE

WHAT I want is my husband, sir,—
 And if you're a man, sir,
 You'll give me an answer,—
 Where is my Joe ?

Penryhn, sir, Joe—
 Caernarvonshire.
 Six months ago
 Since we came here—
 Eh ?—Ah, you know !

Well, I *am* quiet
 And still.
 But I must stand here,
 And will !—

Please—I'll be strong—
 If you'll just let me wait
 Inside o' that gate
 Till the news comes along.

" Negligence "
 That was the cause ;
 Butchery !—
 Are there no laws—
 Laws to protect such as we ?

Well, then !—

I won't raise my voice.

There, men !

I won't make no noise.

Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say—

Saved ! And the other ones ? Eh ?

Why do they call ?

Why are they all

Looking and coming this way !

What's that ?—A message ?

I'll take it.

I know his wife, sir,

I'll break it.

" Foreman ! "

Ay, ay !

" Out by and by "—

" Just saved his life ! "

" Say to his wife

Soon he'll be free."

Will I ?—God bless you,

It's *me* !

? _____

A GREYPORT LEGEND

(1797)

By BRET HARTE

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town :
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay :
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

" Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden !

Run for your shallops, gather your men,

Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear ! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear,—
 Drifted clear beyond the reach or call,—
 Thirteen children they were in all,—
 All adrift in the lower bay !

Said a hard-faced skipper, " God help us all !
She will not float till the turning tide ! "
Said his wife, " My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
 And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
 Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
 Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore :
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar ;
 And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
 O'er leagues of clover and cold grey stone,
 But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail ;
For the signal they know will bring relief :
 For the voices of children, still at play
 In a phantom hulk that drifts away
 Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page ;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
 We hear from the misty troubled shore
 The voice of the children gone before,
 Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

THE SONG OF THE PEOPLE TO JAMES ELROY
FLECKER

By PHYLLIS HASTINGS

WE did not hear your music as you lay
Still and content beneath the fountain's rim ;
You sang the crimson flag of early day,
And the rising of the moon when light grew dim.
We laughed and shouted in the market-square,
And when we turned to you—you were not there.

You did not crave our company, for you
Had friends and loves most beautiful to see ;
The potency of your soft music drew
From out the tomb those souls by death made free ;
Haroun al Raschid, Lord of moon and sun,
Pervaneh, and Yasmin, the Lovely One.

Untroubled you lived out your little space,
Filling your life with beauty and with song ;
Untroubled we jested in the market-place,
Having no care that we did you this wrong.
And now we may not even take your hand—
You've made the Golden Journey
To Samarkand.

[By kind permission of the Author
and of the Editor of "The Poetry Review".]
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ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

By W. E. HENLEY

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown

Where shall the watchful Sun
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England :—
" Take, and break us : we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky
Death is death ; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown ! "

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the Ancient sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

[From " Poems " (W. E. Henley).]

By kind permission of the Publisher, Mr. David Nutt.]

WHEN I WAS A KING IN BABYLON

By WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

OR ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a king in Babylon,
And you were a Christian slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave,
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again.
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a virgin slave.

[By special permission of Mr. Nutt.]

THE BAG OF THE BEE

By ROBERT HERRICK

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee
Two cupids fell at odds,
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the gods,

Which, Venus hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stripp'd them,
 And, taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of myrtle whipp'd them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,
 She kiss'd, and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID; OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST

By ROBERT HERRICK

ONE silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,
 Came one unto my gate,
 And, knocking, me molested.

"Who's that," I said, "beats there,
 And troubles thus the sleepy?"
 "Cast off," said he, "all fear,
 And let not locks thus keep ye."

"For I a boy am, who
 By moonless nights have swerved;
 And all showers wet through,
 And e'en with cold half starved."

I pitiful arose
 And soon a taper lighted;
 And did myself uncloze
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
 And wings too, which did shiver;
 And looking down below,
 I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
 Brought him as Love professes,
 And chafed his hands with mine
 And dried his drooping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
"Let's try this bow of ours
And string, if they be harmed,"
Said he, "with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying,
Adieu, mine host, adieu,
I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

THE SONG OF HONOUR

By RALPH HODGSON

I CLIMBED a hill as light fell short,
And rooks came home in scramble sort,
And filled the trees and flapped and fought
And sang themselves to sleep;
An owl from nowhere with no sound
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,
I heard him calling half-way round,
Holloing loud and deep;
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
Then many a star, sailed into sight,
And all the stars, the flower of night
Were round me at a leap;
To tell how still the valleys lay
I heard a watchdog miles away . . .
And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell,
The mastiff in a slumber fell,
I stared into the sky,
As wondering men have always done
Since beauty and the stars were one,
Though none so hard as I.

It seemed, so still the valleys were,
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,
Save me and me alone ;
So pure and wide that silence was
I feared to bend a blade of grass,
And there I stood like stone.

There, sharp and sudden, there I heard—
*Ah ! some wild lovesick singing bird
Woke singing in the trees ?
The nightingale and babble-wren
Were in the English greenwood then,
And you heard one of these ?*

The babble-wren and nightingale
Sang in the Abyssinian vale
That season of the year !
Yet, true enough, I heard them plain,
I heard them both again, again,
As sharp and sweet and clear
As if the Abyssinian tree
Had thrust a bough across the sea,
Had thrust a bough across to me
With music for my ear !

I heard them both, and oh ! I heard
The song of every singing bird
That sings beneath the sky,
And with the song of lark and wren
The song of mountains, moths and men
And seas and rainbows vie !

I heard the universal choir
The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
With universal song,
Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,
Her million times ten million throats
Exalt Him loud and long,
And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace
From every part and every place
Within the shining of His face,
The universal throng.

I heard the hymn of being sound
From every well of honour found
In human sense and soul :
The song of poets when they write
The testament of Beautysprite
Upon a flying scroll,
The song of painters when they take
A burning brush for Beauty's sake
And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise
Who look and see in starry skies
Not stars so much as robins' eyes,
And when these pale away
Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
Among the plums and apple trees
Sing in the summer day—
The song of all both high and low
To some blest vision true,
The song of beggars when they throw
The crust of pity all men owe
To hungry sparrows in the snow,
Old beggar hungry too—
The song of kings of kingdoms when
They rise above their fortune men,
And crown themselves anew,—

The song of c^ourage, heart and will
And gladness in a fight,
Of men who face a hopeless hill
With sparking and delight,
The bells and bells of song that ring
Round banners of a cause or king
From armies bleeding white—

The song of sailors every one
When monstrous tide and tempest run
At ships like bulls at red,
When stately ships are twirled and spun
Like whipping tops and help there's none
And mighty ships ten thousand ton
Go down like lumps of lead—

And song of fighters stern as they
At odds with fortune night and day,
Crammed up in cities grim and grey
As thick as bees in hives,
Hosannas of a lowly throng
Who sing unconscious of their song,
Whose lips are in their lives—

And song of some at holy war
With spells and ghouls more dread by far
Than deadly seas and cities are,
Or hordes of quarrelling kings—
The song of fighters great and small,
The song of pretty fighters all,
And high heroic things—

The song of lovers—who knows how
Twitched up from place and time
Upon a sigh, a blush, a vow,
A curve or hue of cheek or brow,
Borne up and off from here and now
Into the void sublime !

And crying loves and passions still
In every key from soft to shrill
And numbers never done,
Dog-loyalties to faith and friend,
And loves like Ruth's of old no end,
And intermission none—
And burst on burst for beauty and
For numbers not behind,
From men whose love of motherland
Is like a dog's for one dear hand,
Sole, selfless, boundless, blind—
And song of some with hearts beside
For men and sorrows far and wide,
Who watch the world with pity and pride
And warm to all mankind—

And endless joyous music rise
From children at their play,
And endless soaring lullabies
From happy, happy mothers' eyes,
And answering crows and baby cries,
How many who shall say !

And many a song as wondrous well
With pangs and sweets intolerable
From lonely hearths too gray to tell,
God knows how utter gray!
And song from many a house of care
When pain has forced a footing there
And there's a Darkness on the stair
Will not be turned away—

And song—that song whose singers come
With old kind tales of pity from
The Great Compassion's lips,
That makes the bells of Heaven to peal
Round pillows frosty with the feel
Of Death's cold finger tips—

The song of men all sorts and kinds,
As many tempers, moods and minds
As leaves are on a tree,
As many faiths and castes and creeds,
As many human bloods and breeds
As in the world may be ;

The song of each and all who gaze
On Beauty in her naked blaze,
Or see her dimly in a haze,
Or get her light in fitful rays
And tiniest needles even,
The song of all not wholly dark,
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark
Too deep for groping Heaven—

And alleluias sweet and clear
And wild with beauty men mishear,
From choirs of song as near and dear
To Paradise as they,
The everlasting pipe and flute
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,
And lips deaf men imagine mute
In wood and stone and clay ;

The music of a lion strong
That shakes a hill a whole night long,
A hill as loud as he,
The twitter of a mouse among
Melodious greenery,
The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
The nightingale's—all three,
The song of life that wells and flows
From every leopard, lark and rose
And everything that gleams or goes
Lack-lustre in the sea.

I heard it all, each, every note
Of every lung and tongue and throat,
Ay, every rhythm and rhyme
Of everything that lives and loves
And upward, ever upward moves
From lowly to sublime!
Earth's multitudinous Sons of Light,
I heard them lift their lyric might
With each and every chanting sprite
That lit the sky that wondrous night
As far as eye could climb!

I heard it all, I heard the whole
Harmonious hymn of being roll
Up through the chapel of my soul
And at the altar die,
And in the awful quiet then
Myself I heard, Amen, Amen,
Amen I heard me cry!
I heard it all, and then although
I caught my flying senses, oh,
A dizzy man was I!
I stood and stared; the sky was lit,
The sky was stars all over it,
I stood, I knew not why,
Without a wish, without a will,
I stood upon that silent hill
And stared into the sky until
My eyes were blind with stars and still
I stared into the sky.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

A BOY'S SONG

By JAMES HOGG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I could never tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

RUTH

By THOMAS HOOD

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest, none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

QUEEN MAB

By THOMAS HOOD

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade ;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade :

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings.
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round.
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

? _____

SPRING

By THOMAS HOOD

COME, *gentle* Spring! *ethereal mildness* come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders !

Let others eulogise her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at !

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year !
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings !

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration ;
Nor can, like Iron-chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh ! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg ?
Stiff as a table's ?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough ;
And quake with Ague, that great agitator ;
Nor dream before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder, if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on ?—
Spring mild and gentle !—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that it blighted !

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

By G. IRWIN-CARRUTHERS

THEY tread this earth no longer,
their wings beat not the air ;
their ancient haunts are still and cold,
hidden beneath the heaped-up mould ;
their midnight rings are bare.

In what new distant country
dwell they, beneath what sky ?
Where are their airy palaces,
in what new misty mountain is
built their frail fantasy ?

Can mortals make the journey,
and see those realms again ?
Will a new Elfland sound its horn
in moonlit forests, and forlorn
marshes beneath the rain ?

Have they fled past the sunset
into the purple space ;
and in some yet unwearied world
will their wild melodies be skirled,
their white limbs interlace ?

We are too old and faithless,
our eyes are grown too blind :
Pan with his nymphs far hence is gone,
gone are the courts of Oberon,
and we are left behind :

Left to a world grown empty,
where the young are too wise,
and laugh at tales of faery,
and look at fabled revelry
with dry and starless eyes.

Ah ! may I travel at passing,
however lone the way
until I reach those haunted meres,
where the false lanthorn still appears
when twilight veils the day :

And see Titania dancing,
 and hear the pipes of Pan,
 and ride on bats with Ariel,
 and sleep with Puck in a cowslip's bell,
 far from the scorn of man.

[By kind permission of the Author,
 and of the Editor of "The Poetry Review".]

THE PILOT OF THE PLAINS

By PAULINE JOHNSON

"False," they said, "thy Pale-face lover, from the land of
 waking morn;
 Rise and wed thy Redskin Wooer, nobler warrior ne'er
 was born;
 Cease thy watching, cease thy dreaming,
 Show the white thine Indian scorn.

Thus they taunted her, declaring, "He remembers naught
 of thee:

Likely some white maid he wooeth, far beyond the inland
 sea."

But she answered ever kindly,
 "He will come again to me."

Till the dusk of Indian summer crept athwart the Western
 skies;

But a deeper dusk was burning in her dark and dreaming
 eyes,

And she scanned the rolling prairie,
 Where the foothills fall and rise.

Till the Autumn came and vanished, till the season of the
 rains,

Till the Western world lay fettered in midwinter's crystal
 chains,

Still she listened for his coming,
 Still she watched the distant plains.

Then a night with nor'land tempest, nor'land snows
 a-swirling fast,

Out upon the pathless prairie came the Pale-face through
 the blast,

Calling, calling, "Yakonwita,
 I am coming, love, at last."

Hovered night above, about him, dark its wings and cold
and dread ;

Never unto trail and tepee were his straying footsteps led ;
Till benumbed, he sank, and pillowed
On the drifting snow his head.

Saying, "O ! my Yakonwita call me, call me, be my guide
To the lodge beyond the prairie—for I vowed ere winter died
I would come again, beloved ;
I would claim my Indian bride."

"Yakonwita, Yakonwita !" Oh, the dreariness that strains
Through the voice that calling, quivers, till a whisper but
remains,

"Yakonwita, Yakonwita,
I am lost upon the plains."

But the silent spirit hushed him, lulled him as he cried anew,
"Save me, save me ! O ! beloved, I am Pale but I am true.
Yakonwita, Yakonwita,
I am dying, love, for you."

Leagues afar, across the prairie, she had risen from her bed,
Roused her kinsmen from their slumbers : "He has come
to-night," she said.

"I can hear him calling, calling,
But his voice is as the dead."

"Listen," and they sat all silent, while the tempest louder
grew,
And a Spirit-voice called faintly, "I am dying love, for
you."

Then they wailed, "O ! Yakonwita
He was Pale, but he was true."

Wrapped she then her ermine round her, stepped without
the tepee door,

Saying, "I must follow, follow, though he call for evermore,
"Yakonwita, Yakonwita."
And they never saw her more.

Late at night, say Indian hunters, when the starlight
clouds or wanes,

Far away they see a maiden, misty as the Autumn rains,
Guiding with her lamp of moonlight
Hunters lost upon the plains.

OJISTOH

By PAULINE JOHNSON

I AM Ojistoh, I am she the wife of him
 Whose name breathes bravery, life, and courage
 To the tribe that calls him chief.
 I am Ojistoh his white star, and he
 Is lake, and land, and sky, and soul to me.

Oh ! but they hated him those Huron braves,
 Him who had flung their warriors into graves,
 Him who had crushed them underneath his heel
 Whose arm was iron, and whose heart was steel
 To all save me, Ojistoh chosen wife
 Of my great Mohawk, white star of his life.

Oh ! but they hated him, and counselled long
 With subtle witchcraft how to work him wrong.
 How to avenge their dead, and strike him where
 His pride was highest, and his fame most fair.
 Their hearts grew weak as ~~women~~ at his name
 They dared no war-path since my Mohawk came
 With ashen bow and flint and arrow head
 To pierce their craven bodies. But their dead
 Must be avenged ! avenged. They dared not walk
 In day and meet his tomahawk.
 They dared not face his fearless scalping knife.
 So God ! They thought of me, his wife.

Oh evil, evil face of him they sent
 With evil Huron speech. Would I consent
 To take of wealth, be Queen of all their tribe ?
 Wear royal ermine ? Back I flung their bribe
 Unto their teeth, and said, " While I have life
 Know this : Ojistoh is the Mohawk's wife

Oh, how we struggled ! But their arms were strong
 They flung me on their pony's back. With thong
 Bound ankle, wrist, and shoulder. There unleapt
 The one I hated most. His eye he swept
 Over my misery, and sneering, said
 " Thus, fair Ojistoh, we avenge our dead."
 And we two rode, rode as a sea wind chased :
 I bound with buckskin to his hated waist.

He sneering, laughing, jeering as he lashed
His horse to foam as on and on we dashed.
Plunging through creek, and river, bush and trail
On, on we galloped like a northern gale.
At length his distant Huron fires aflame
We saw, and nearer, nearer still we came.
I bound behind him in the captives place
Scarcely could see the outline of his face
I smiled and laid my cheek against his back,
"Loose thou my hands," I said, "This pace let slack,
Forget thee now that thou and I are foes.
I like thee well, and long to clasp thee close,
I like the courage of thine eye and brow,
I like thee better than my Mohawk now."

He cut the cords : we ceased our maddened haste.
I wound my arm around his tawny waist.
My hand crept up to the buckskin of his belt :
His knife-hilt in my burning palm I felt :
One hand caressed his cheek, the other drew
The weapon softly. "I love you, I love you,"
I whispered, "Love you as my life."
And buried in his back the scalping knife.

Oh ! how I rode, rode as a sea-wind chased
Mad with sudden freedom, mad with haste
Back to my Mohawk, and my home, I lashed
That horse to foam as on and on I dashed.
Plunging through creek and river, bush and trail
On, on I galloped, like a northern gale.
At length my Mohawk's distant fire aflame
I saw, nearer, nearer still I came,
My hands all wet, stained with a life's red dye,
But pure my soul, pure as those stars on high.

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REVELATION

By P. JOSHUA

I HAVE seen the scarlet flames of sunset glowing
On the everlasting snows :
I have seen a thousand blue-eyed gentians growing
On the rocks and icy flows ;

I have seen the moon its silver light bestowing
On still waters desolate ;
I have seen the flooding cataracts go flowing
Down the hills in roaring spate ;
I have seen the death-pale hand of sunset sowing
A million stars upon the sky ;
I have seen the golden starlight fading, going
Where no flowers fade or die ;
I have seen the storm-winds rise and gather, blowing
Where no foot of man has trod ;
I have seen the white clouds slowly drift, not knowing
Whither ; have I not seen God ?

FANCY

By JOHN KEATS

EVER let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home :
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming ;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloyes with tasting : What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot glazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,

Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her :
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth :
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :
And, in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst :
Shaded hyacinth, always
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Every thing is spoilt by use :
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid

Whose lip mature is ever new ?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary ? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place ?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft ?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged Fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind :
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Split its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grey languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the fancy's silken leash ;
 Quickly break her prison-string,
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—
 Let the winged Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.

BARDS OF PASSION

By JOHN KEATS

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Have ye souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new ?
 —Yes, and those of heaven commune
 With the spheres of sun and moon ;
 With the noise of fountains wond'rous
 And the parle of voices thund'rous
 With the whisper of heaven's trees
 And one another, in soft ease
 Seated on Elysian lawns
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,

And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim :—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

MEG MERRILIES

By JOHN KEATS

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors ;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters larchen trees ;
 Alone with her great family
 She lived as she did please.
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And 'stead of supper she would stare
 Full hard against the moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
 She made her garlanding,
 And every night the dark glen yew
 She wore ; and she would sing,
 And with her fingers old and brown
 She plaited mats of rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
 And tall as Amazon ;
 An old red blanket cloak she wore,
 A chip-hat had she on ;
 God rest her aged bones somewhere !
 She died full long ago !

TO AUTUMN

By JOHN KEATS

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shell
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE TO PSYCHE

By JOHN KEATS

O GODDESS ! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
 Even into thine own soft-couch'd ear :
 Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
 The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes ?
 I wander'd in a forest, thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures, crouched side by side
 In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied :
 'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
 They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass ;

Their arms embraced, and their pinions too ;
 Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
 As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love :
 The winged boy I knew :
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove ?
 His Psyche true !

Latest-born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !
 Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky ;
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heap'd with flowers ;
 Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours ;
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain-swung censer teeming ;
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest ! though too late for antique vows
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;
 Yet even in these days, so far retired
 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
 Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
 I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours ;
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swung censer teeming ;
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind :
 Far, far around shall those dark cluster'd trees
 Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep :
 And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
 The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep ;

And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same :
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm love in !

LINES FROM "ENDYMION"

By JOHN KEATS

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of th' inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagin'd for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,

The passion pœsy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

ODE TO APOLLO

By JOHN KEATS

IN thy western halls of gold
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards, that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds and sang of fate,
With fervour seize their adamantyne lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays, and twinkle radiant fires.

Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war.
And even the Western Splendour warms,
While the trumpets sound afar ;
But what creates the most intense surprise
His soul looks out with renovated eyes.

Then through thy Temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tones of Maro's lyre :
The soul delighted on each accent dwells—
Enraptured dwells—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

'Tis awful silence then again :
Expectant stand the spheres,
Breathless the laurell'd peers,
Nor move till ends the lofty strain.
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave once more the ravished heavens in peace.

Thou biddest Shakespeare wave his hand
And quickly forward spring
The passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their Master's lips pour forth the inspiring words.

A silver trumpet Spenser blows,
 And as its martial notes to silence flee,
 From a virgin chorus flows
 A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.
 'Tis still! wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
 Enchantment softly breathe and tremblingly expire.

Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers
 Float along the pleased air
 Calling youth from idle slumbers
 Rousing them from Pleasure's lair:
 Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move
 And melt the soul to pity and to love.

But when thou joinest with the Nine
 And all the powers of song combine
 We listen here on earth:
 The dying tones that fill the air,
 And charm the ear of evening fair
 From thee, great God of Bards, receive their heavenly birth

SONNET ON BLUE

By JOHN KEATS

*(Written in answer to a sonnet by Reynolds—ending—
 "Dark eyes are dearer far
 Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell")*

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
 Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
 The tent of Hesperus, and all his train.
 The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun.
 Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
 And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
 May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
 Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
 Blue! gentle cousin of the forest-green,
 Married to green in all the sweetest flowers,
 Forget-me-not, the bluebell, and, that queen
 Of secrecy, the violet: what strange powers
 Hast thou as a mere shadow! but how great,
 When in an eye thou art alive with fate!

A LEGEND OF OMAR KHAYYAM

By ARTHUR CLARK KENNEDY

UPON the river's bank one summer's day
Beneath a shady rose-tree sleeping lay
Omar the tent-maker ! Behold it seemed
To Omar that before him as he dreamed
A stately-pillared portico of gold
With carven gates of ivory unrolled,
Through which a maiden came in garb of white,
Girt with a jewelled girdle flashing light.
O'er her lithe body flowed her glorious hair,
Dark as the depths of dusky caverns are ;
A wreath of crimson roses crowned her head,
Her shoulders also were begarlanded,
In either hand a pomegranate she bore
And coming to the sleeper looked him o'er
With great sad eyes, then said " Lo ! I am sent
To thee, oh ! Omar, maker of the tent,
To bid thee choose which fruit thou wilt retain
To be thine own of these pomegranates twain.
The first is red and ripe, 'twill soonest die
And leave no seed behind it by and bye ;
Its name is ' Wealth.' This other green and sour,
Maturing slow, will ripen hour by hour
And lo ! its seed will spread o'er all the earth.
Its name is ' Poesy'. Which fruit is worth
The most to thee ? Now, Omar, think and choose."'
Then Omar said " Oh ! maiden I refuse
The lure of ' Wealth'." And from her finger-tips
Took ' Poesy'. She laid her lips to his
And Omar woke beneath her honied kiss
To find a rose-leaf fluttering from his lips.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

TREES

By JOYCE KILNER

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray,
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair ;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

[*By kind permission of the Editor, "Poetry Review."*]

PLEADING

By HENRY KINGSLEY

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
Tirled at the pin ;
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
" Let her in ! Let her in ! "

" Hast thou seen the wounds ? " said Michael,
" Knowest thou thy sin ? "
" It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
" Let her in ! Let her in ! "

?

" Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin."
" She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,
" Let her in ! Let her in ! "

" Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael.
" Nought save sin."
And the blackbird sang, " She is sorry, sorry, sorry.
Let her in ! Let her in ! "

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and opened Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

DARTSIDE

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say :
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say :
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say :
But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.

"Oh green is the colour of faith and truth,
And rose the colour of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet Earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,
And her bridal day shall come ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
And the whispering woodlands say."

THE TIDE RIVER

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeified, for the undeified ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;

Darker and darker the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP

A LEGEND OF ALTENAH

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

“ So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
And the water is spent and gone ?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine :
I never shall drink but this one.

“ And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door :
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
As horse never took before.

“ I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine ;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

“ I have lived by the saddle for years two score ;
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

“ So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
 How the Altenahr hawk can die :
 If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
 He must take to his wings and fly.”

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
 And he mounted his horse at the door ;
 And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
 As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
 And he leapt him out over the wall ;
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
 With never a bone in him whole—
 A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul.

BALLAD

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÈE

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

I

“ ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine,
 Lorrèe ?

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree,
 You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
 You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
 To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the run for
 me.

Barum, Barum, etc.”

II

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine,
 Lorrèe,

“ I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
 And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee ;
 He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill
 me ? ”

III

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
 Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
 And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for
 me,
 It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from
 me."

IV

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine,
 Lorrèe,
 "That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons
 three ;
 But oh ! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
 And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see !

V

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh ! the gallant lass was
 she,
 And kept him straight and won the race as near as near
 could be ;
 But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-tree,
 Oh ! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world
 to see,
 And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe.
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IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE

By RUDYARD KIPLING

IN the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage
 For food and fame and woolly horses' pelt ;
 I was singer to my clan in that dim, red Dawn of Man,
 And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.

Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Prehistoric spring
 Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove ;
 And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and the Gods of Cliff
 and Berg
 Were about me and beneath me and above.

But a rival of Solutr , told the tribe was style was *outr *—
'Neath a tomahawk, of diorite, he fell.
And I left my views on Art, barbed and tanged, below the
heart
Of a mammothistic etcher at Grenelle.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my hunting
dogs fed full,
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong ;
And I wiped my mouth and said, " It is well that they
are dead,
" For I know my work is right and theirs was wrong."

But my Totem saw the shame ; from his ridgpole-shrine
he came,
And he told me in a vision of the night :—
" There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
" And every single one of them is right ! "

Then the silence closed upon me till They put new clothing
on me
Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more frail ;
And I stepped beneath Time's finger, once again a tribal
singer,
And a minor poet certified by Traill.

Still they skirmish to and fro, men my messmates on the
snow,
When we headed off the aurochs turn for turn ;
When the rich Allobrogenses never kept amanuenses,
And our only plots were piled in lakes at Berne.

Still a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeak, and
rage,
Still we pinch and slap and jabber, scratch and dirk ;
Still we let our business slide—as we dropped the half-
dressed hide—
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from marge
to marge—
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man ;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the
moose

And the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-night :—
*" There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
 " And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right ! "*

[From " *Departmental Ditties* " (Methuen).
By kind permission of the Author.]

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

(ROMAN OCCUPATION OF BRITAIN, A.D. 300)

By RUDYARD KIPLING

LEGATE, I had the news last night—my cohort ordered home
 By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.
 I've marched the companies abroad, the arms are stowed
 below :

Now let another take my sword. Command me not to go !

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall
 I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.
 Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour draws
 near

That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is here.

Here where men say my name was made, here where my
 work was done,

Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—my wife
 and son ;

Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory, service,
 love,

Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I remove ?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and fields
 suffice.

What purple Southern pomp can match our changeful
 Northern skies,

Black with December snows unshed or pearled with August
 haze—

The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's long-lighted
 days ?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and olive lean
 Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus clean
 To Arelate's triple gate ; but let me linger on,
 Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront Euro-
 clydon !

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-descending
 pines
 Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene Ocean
 shines.
 You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will you e'er
 forget
 The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in the wet ?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task you will—
 A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops to drill.
 Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite Border
 keep,
 Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old messmates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered home !
 I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in
 Rome ;

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I know.
 I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go !

[From "*A History of England*" (Clarendon Press).]

By kind permission of the Author and Publisher.]

THE TWO DOLLS

By ARTHUR LAW

Two little dolls, so I've been told,
 Once lived on a shelf together,
 Her head and her arms were all of wax,
 While his were of wood and leather.
 Her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were blue,
 Her hair of a lovely golden hue ;
 And therefore, you see, she could never deign
 To notice a doll who was coarse and plain.
 For so it befell this tiny pair,
 One was for look, and one for wear ;
 One for use, and one for show ;
 And that's the way of the world, you know.

When first they met on the nursery shelf,
He greeted her most urbanely,
She saw that he'd quite forgotten himself,
And told him so very plainly.
"Your birth is shown in your wooden face,
Of waxen blood you have not a trace ;
So, once for all, be it understood,
That wax can never consort with wood."
Then she said, with a freezing stare,
"I'm for look and you for wear ;
You're for use, and I'm for show ;
And that's the way of the world, you know."

All on a fateful summer day,
The pair for a walk were taken ;
Somebody left them 'mongst the hay,
And then they were both forsaken.
Then, while they lay in the noonday sun,
The bloom on her cheeks began to run ;
Her eyes fell out, and her nose fell in,
And she lost forever her rounded chin !
Then he, who had never turned a hair,
Said, " You're for look, and I'm for wear ;
I'm for use, and you for show ;
And that's the way of the world, you know."

?

WHAT THE FAIRIES WEAR

By H. M. LEYS

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful magic to see and hear
By silently passing by ;
In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear.

You can see each golden and silvery frock
In Lady's Mantle and Ladysmock ;
There's Lady's Garter (which, I suppose,
They wear with the cowslips called Hose-in-Hose) ;

The solemn fairies who ride on owls
Shroud their faces with Monkswood cowls ;
And there's other things besides fairy dresses—
There's Lady's Mirror and Lady's Tresses.

Bachelors' Buttons must be for elves
Who have to do up their clothes themselves ;
And the tailor fairies use Fairy Shears,
Long cutting-grasses that grow by meres ;
And they mend their things with the Spider-stitches,
Faint white flowers that you find in ditches,
And Shepherd's Needle, which you'll see plain
In every meadow and field and lane ;
And when they've used them they grow again.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful secrets to see and hear
By silently passing by ;
In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear ;
And if you look when they think you've gone
Perhaps you'll see them trying them on.

[Reprinted from "Punch", by kind permission of the Publishers.]

SEGWUN AND PEBOAN

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

IN his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes as stars in Spring-time ;
Bound his forehead was with grasses,

Bound and plumed with scented grasses ;
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine ;
In his hands a bunch of blossoms,
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.
" Ah, my son ! " exclaimed the old man,
" Happy are my eyes to see you,
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled ;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder.
When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water ! "

And the young man answered, smiling :
" When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers ! "

" When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
" All the land with snow is covered ;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild-goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone ! "

" When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
" Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild-goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin ;
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage ! "

While they spake, the night departed ;
 From the distant realms of Wabun,
 From his shining lodge of silver,
 Like a warrior robed and painted,
 Came the sun, and said, " Behold me ! "

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,
 And the air grew warm and pleasant
 And upon the wigwam sweetly
 Sang the blue-bird and the robin,
 And the stream began to murmur,
 And a scent of growing grasses
 Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
 More distinctly in the daylight
 Saw the icy face before him ;
 It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
 As from melting lakes the streamlets,
 And his body shrunk and dwindled
 As the shouting sun ascended,
 Till into the air it faded,
 Till into the ground it vanished,

Thus it was that in the Northland,
 After that unheard-of coldness,
 That intolerable Winter,
 Came the Spring with all its splendour,
 All its birds and all its blossoms,
 All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

TO AMARANTHA THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL HER HAIRE

By RICHARD LOVELACE

AMARANTHA, sweet and faire,
 Ah, brade no more that shining haire !
 As my curious hand or eye,
 Hovering round thee let it flye.

Let it fly as onconfined
 As its calme ravisher, the wind ;
 Who hath left his darling th' East,
 To wanton o're that spicie Neast.

Ev'ry tress must be confest ;
But neatly tangled at the best ;
Like a Clue of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

Doe not then winde that light
In ribands and o're-cloud in Night ;
Like the Sun in's early ray ;
But shake your head and scatter day.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so.
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
 They laughed and called him good-for-nought.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

By J. LYLYE

CUPID and my Campaspé play'd
 At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how) ;
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin ;
 All these did my Campaspe win :
 And last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

By LORD MACAULAY

To my true King I offered free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith and courage vain ;
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime.
Heard in La Verna Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from that dream to weep,
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
Oh, thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust : a broken heart lies here.

THE POND

By ROSE MACAULAY

WEED-BOUND, green as grass, the pond lies,
With a crazy, hole-riddled tin,
Battered and broken, riding ship-wise
On the water's warm green skin
That bears, like a floor, the weight of June.
And the elder-trees stoop round,
Heavy with sleep, and still as noon,
And sweet with blossom, and bound
In dreams. And strangely each small thought
And each word spoken near
Like a fly in a filmy web is caught
And held ; and you shall hear
Echoes, whispers of passion spent,
Of strange things long since said,
Prisoners now in the still dream-tent,
With the old tears one time shed.

Even so in the far years will men know
 How you and I now lie
 By the green pond's rim, and even so
 Hear our thin words drift by,
 Like pale moths fluttering to and fro,
 Blind, in a mist-bound sky.
 Oh, lest of our incommunicable
 Passion and pity, they
 Weave idle dreams and tales to tell
 Through some slow summer's day
 We'll whisper not : but we will keep
 Quieter than noon is long.
 We will be still, more still than sleep,
 Lest our weak words do us wrong.

[From "Three Days". By kind permission of the Author
 and the Publishers, Messrs. Constable.]

Lines from "THE IMMORTAL HOUR "

By FIONA MACLEOD (William Sharp)

EOCHAIDH :

Fair sir, your boon ?

MIDIR :

O king, it is a little thing.
 All that I ask is this, that I may touch
 With my own lips the white hand of the queen :
 And that sweet Étain whom you love so well
 Should listen to the distant shell-sweet song,
 A little echoing song that I have made
 Down by the foam on sea-drown'd shores to please
 Her lovelier beauty.

EOCHAIDH :

Sir, I would that boon
 Were other than it is : for the queen sleeps
 Grown sad with weariness and many dreams :
 But as you have my kingly word, so be it.

[Calls to the young minstrel.

Go boy, to where the women sleep, and call
 Étain, the Queen.

[The minstrel goes, to left.

HARPERS (play a low delicate music.)

[Enter ETAIN, in a robe of pale green, with mistletoe intertwined in her long loose hair.]

EOCHAIDH :

Welcome, fair lovely queen.

But, Etain, whom I love as the dark wave
Loves the white star within its travelling breast,
Why do you come thus clad in green, with hair
Entangled with the mystic mistletoe, as when
I saw you first, in that dim, lonely wood
Down by forgotten shores, where the last clouds
Slip through grey branches into the grey wave ?

ETAIN :

I could not sleep. My dreams came close to me
And whispered in my ears. And someone played
A vague perplexing air without my room.
I was as dim and silent as the grass,
Till a faint wind moved over me, and dew
Gathered, and in the myriad little bells
I saw a myriad stars.

EOCHAIDH :

This nameless lord
Has won a boon from me. It is to touch
The whiteness of this hand with his hot lips,
For he is fevered with a secret trouble,
From rumour of that beauty which too well
I know a burning flame. And he would sing
A song of echoes caught from out the foam
Of sea-drown'd shores, a song that he has made,
Dreaming a foolish idle dream, an idle dream.

ETAIN :

[Looking long and lingeringly at MIDIR, slowly gives him her hand. When he had raised it to his lips, bowing, and let it go, she starts, puts it to her brow bewilderingly, and again looks fixedly at MIDIR.]

Fair nameless lord, I pray you sing that song.

MIDIR :

[Slowly chanting and looking steadfastly at ETAIN.]

How beautiful they are,
The lordly ones
Who dwell in the hills,
In the hollow hills.

They have faces like flowers,
And their breath is wind
That stirs amid grasses
Filled with white clover.

Their limbs are more white
Than shafts of moonshine :
They are more fleet
Than the March wind.

They laugh and are glad
And are terrible ;
When their lances shake
Every green reed quivers.

How beautiful they are,
How beautiful,
The lordly ones
In the hollow hills.

[*Silence.* ETAIN again puts her hand to her brow
bewilderedly.

ETAIN :

[*Dreamily.*

I have heard. . . . I have dreamed. . . . I, too, have heard,
Have sung . . . that song : O lordly ones that dwell
In secret places in the hollow hills,
Who have put moonlight dreams into my mind
And filled my noons with visions, from afar
I hear sweet dewfall voices, and the clink,
The delicate silvery spring and clink
Of faery lances underneath the moon.

MIDIR :

I am a song
In the land of the Young.
A sweet song :
I am Love.

I am a bird
With white wings
And a breast of flame,
Singing, singing.

The wind sways me
On the quicken-bough :
Hark ! Hark !
I hear laughter.

Among the nuts
On the hazel-tree
I sing to the Salmon
In the faery pool.

What is the dream
The Salmon dreams,
In the Pool of Connla
Under the hazels?

It is: There is no death
Midir, with thee,
In the honeysweet land
Of Heart's Desire.

It is a name wonderful,
Midir, Love:
It was born on the lips
Of Oengus Og.

Go, look for it:
Lost name, beautiful:
Strayed from the honeysweet
Land of Youth.

I am Midir, Love:
But where is my secret
Name in the land of
Heart's Desire?

I am a bird
With white wings
And a breast of flame
Singing, singing:

The Salmon of knowledge
Hears, whispers:
Look for it, Midir,
In the heart of Etain:

Etain, Etain,
My Heart's Desire:
Love, love, love,
Sorrow, Sorrow!

[ETAIN moves a little nearer, then stops. She puts both hands before her eyes, then withdraws them.]

ETAIN

I am a small green leaf in a great wood
And you, the wind o' the South !

[*Silence.* EOCHAIDH, *as though spellbound, cannot advance,*
but stretches his arms towards ETAIN.]

EOCHAIDH :

Etain, speak !

What is this song the harper sings, what tongue
Is this he speaks ? for in no Gaelic lands
Is speech like this upon the lips of men.
No word of all these honey-dripping words
Is known to me. Beware, beware the words
Brewed in the moonshine under ancient oaks
White with pale banners of the mistletoe
Twined round them in their slow and stately death.
It is the Feast of Sáveen.

ETAIN :

All is dark
That has been light.

EOCHAIDH :

Come back, come back, O love that slips away !

ETAIN :

I cannot hear your voice so far away :
So far away in that dim lonely dark
Whence I have come. The light is gone.
Farewell :

EOCHAIDH :

Come back, come back ! It is a dream that calls,
A wild and empty dream ! There is no light
Within that black and terrible abyss
Whereon you stand. Etain, come back, come back,
I give you life and love.

ETAIN :

I cannot hear
Your strange forgotten words, already dumb
And empty sounds of dim defeated shows.
I go from dark to light.

[*By kind permission of Mrs. William Sharp.*]

THE MOON-CHILD

By FIONA MACLEOD

A LITTLE lonely child am I
That have not any soul ;
God made me as the homeless wave,
That has no goal.

A seal my father was, a seal
That once was man ;
My mother loved him though he was
'Neath mortal ban.

He took a wave and drownèd her,
She took a wave and lifted him :
And I was born where shadows are
In sea-depths dim.

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours
I swim and glide in waters green ;
Never by day the mournful shores
By me are seen.

But when the gloom is on the wave
A shell unto the shore I bring :
And then upon the rocks I sit
And plaintive sing.

I have no playmate but the tide
The seaweed loves with dark brown eyes ;
The night-waves have the stars for play,
For me but sighs.

[By kind permission of Mrs. Sharp.]

LONDON

By LUCY MALLESON

ROMANCE has set her castle here, where beats
The heart of England ; hither no winds blow
But sing of youth ; long since the Bells of Bow
Called Whittington ; here Milton, Lamb and Keats

Once bowed the knee to her ; and he that meets
In some pale dawn that gallant band shall know
Her secret, and why Shakespeare long ago
Left Stratford for the beauty of her streets.

Still when the moth of twilight flutters down
Poets and kings and sages long since dust
Leave Paradise to gather at her gate ;
These gave their lives as jewels for her crown,
Left us this London as a holy trust,
Bidding us keep their faith inviolate.

[*By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of
"The Poetry Review".*]

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

COME live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

DREAMS

By NINA C. MARTIN

DREAMS—twilight dreams—
Magic power—
Have ye felt the lure
Of the glamour-hour ?
Do your dreams come true ?
Do ye dream and do ?
Or (if in the woof there's a thread too fine),
Are your dreams as vain and as mad as mine ?
.
.
.
.

I

For instance—Gold.
I sit at my window
Dreaming of Gold,
And what I would do with it,
What I could make with it,
What I could take with it,
Buying new birth with it,
Gaining the earth with it,
Dreams of Gold—
Scenes unfold—
Beauty,
Ease,
Change,
Music,
Warmth,
Friends.
I laugh,
I rock,
I mock,

At the folly of it,
 Melancholy of it!
 ME and GOLD! For instance.

II

For instance—Love.
 I sit at my window
 Dreaming of Love.
 And oh, the strong arms of him.
 How I would meet with him,
 Haste away fleet with him,
 Joy in the truth of him,
 Radiance and youth of him.
 Dreams of Love
 Glamour-wove.
 Kisses,
 Words,
 Gifts,
 Passion,
 Flame,
 Bliss.

I laugh,
 I rock,
 I mock,

At the vanity of it,
 The insanity of it!
 ME and LOVE! For instance.

III

For instance—Power.
 I sit at my window
 Dreaming of Power,
 And a universe won with it
 Lifting up men with it,
 Blotting out pain with it,
 Leading the throng with it,
 Righting each wrong with it.
 Dreams of Power,
 Glory's hour.
 Honour,
 Praise,
 Fame,
 Dominion,
 Worlds,
 Men.

I laugh,
I rock,
I mock,
At the sadness of it,
Utter madness of it,
ME and POWER! For instance!!!

Ye who read,
Do ye heed?
Is your woof as fine?
Are your dreams as vain and as mad as mine?

*[By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of
"The Poetry Review".]*

THE SEEKERS

By JOHN MASEFIELD

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed
abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the
road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the
rain,
And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and the road
again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about
the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the
road.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE RIDER AT THE GATE

By JOHN MASEFIELD

A WINDY night was blowing on Rome,
The cressets guttered on Cæsar's home,
The fish-boats, moored at the bridge, were breaking
The rush of the river to yellow foam.

The hinges whined to the shutters shaking,
When clip-clop-clep came a horse-hoof raking
The stones of the road at Cæsar's gate;
The spear-butts jarred at the guard's awaking.

"Who goes there?" said the guard at the gate.

"What is the news, that you ride so late?"

"News most pressing, that must be spoken
To Cæsar alone, and that cannot wait."

"The Cæsar sleeps; you must show a token
That the news suffice that he be awoken.
What is the news, and when do you come?
For no light cause may his sleep be broken."

"Out of the dark of the sands I come,
From the dark of death, with news for Rome.
A word so fell that it must be uttered
Though it strike the soul of the Cæsar dumb."

*Cæsar turned in his bed and muttered
With a struggle for breath the lamp-flame guttered ;
Calpurnia heard her husband moan :*

*"The house is falling,
The beaten men come into their own."*

"Speak your word," said the guard at the gate ;

"Yes, but bear it to Cæsar straight,
Say, 'Your murderer's knives are honing,
Your killer's gang is lying in wait.'

"Out of the wind that is blowing and moaning,
Through the city palace and the country loaning,
I cry, 'For the world's sake, Cæsar, beware,
And take this warning as my atoning.

" 'Beware of the Court, of the palace stair,
Of the downcast friend who speaks so fair,
Keep from the Senate, for Death is going
On many men's feet to meet you there.'

"I, who am dead, have ways of knowing
Of the crop of death that the quick are sowing.
I, who was Pompey, cry it aloud
From the dark of death, from the wind blowing.

"I, who was Pompey, once was proud,
Now I lie in the sand without a shroud ;
I cry to Cæsar out of my pain,
'Cæsar, beware, your death is vowed.' "

The light grew grey on the window-pane,
The windcocks swung in a burst of rain,
The window of Cæsar flung unshuttered,
The horse-hoofs died into wind again.

*Cæsar turned in his bed and muttered,
With a struggle for breath the lamp-flame guttered ;
Calpurnia heard her husband moan :*

*"The house is falling,
The beaten men come into their own."*

[By kind permission of the Author.]

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

By JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place ; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe :
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch ; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

[Reprinted from " Punch ", by kind permission of the Proprietors.]

THE VAGABOND

By G. E. MERRICK

TRAVEL by the low road
They who can and will ;
I must go the high way,
Sheer across the hill.

Journey by the smooth path,
They who can may do ;
Let me slog the rough track
All the seasons through.

They who like may hearken
Drone of noontide bee ;
I will hear the wind pipe
Shrill from off the sea.

Many love the candles
In the vale a-shine ;
But the lights of heaven,
Moon and stars, are mine.

Deep in down and feathers
Let them slumber warm ;
Mine the scented hayricks
Of the downside farm.

They who will may savour
Scent of garden rose ;
Unto me the gorse bush
Richer, sweeter blows.

Stately meal and service
They may have who pay ;
Let me eat my food-scrap
Plodding on my way.

[*By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of
"The Poetry Review".*]

ON HIS BLINDNESS

By JOHN MILTON

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
E'er half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

LINES FROM "LYCIDAS"

By JOHN MILTON

WEEP no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his dropping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay ;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

EVENING IN PARADISE

By JOHN MILTON

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.

She all night long her amorous descant sung :
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw ;
 When Adam thus to Eve :—" Fair consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

[*Paradise Lost*, iv.]

COME, PENSIVE NUN

By JOHN MILTON

COME, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait ;
 And looks commérce with the skies
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak :
 Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !

THE SALE OF LOVES

By THOMAS MOORE

I DREAMT that, in the Paphian groves,
 My nets by moonlight laying,
 I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
 Among the rose-beds playing.
 Some just had left their silvery shell,
 While some were full in feather ;
 So pretty a lot of loves to sell,
 Were never yet strung together.
 Come buy my Loves,
 Come buy my Loves,
 Ye dames and rose-lipped misses !
 They're new and bright,
 The cost is light,
 For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Chloris came with looks sedate,
 The coin on her lips was ready ;
 " I buy," quoth she, " my love by weight
 Full grown, if you please and steady."
 " Let mine be light," said Fanny, " pray
 Such lasting toys undo one ;
 A light little Love that will last to-day,
 To-morrow I'll sport a new one ! "
 Come, buy my Loves,
 Come, buy my Loves,
 Ye dames and rose-lipped misses !
 There's some will keep,
 Some light and cheap,
 At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,
 To divert her virgin Muse with,
 And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing,
 To write her billet-doux with.
 Poor Chloe would give for a well-fledg'd pair
 Her only eye, if you ask it ;
 And Tabitha begged, old toothless fair,
 For the youngest Love in the basket—
 Come, buy my Loves,
 Come, buy my Loves,
 Ye dames and rose-lipped misses !
 There's some will keep,
 Some light and cheap,
 At from ten to twenty kisses.

But one was left, when Susan came,
 One worth them altogether ;
 At sight of her dear looks of shame,
 He smiled and pruned his feathers.
 She wished the boy—'twas more that whim—
 Her looks, her sighs betrayed it :
 But kisses were not enough for him,
 I asked for a heart and she paid it !
 Good-bye my Loves,
 Good-bye my Loves,
 'Twould make you smile to have seen us
 First trade for this
 Sweet child of bliss
 And then nurse the boy between us.

CHORUS FROM HIPPOLYTUS

By GILBERT MURRAY

COULD I take me to some cavern for mine hiding
 In the hill-tips where the Sun scarce hath trod ;
 Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
 As a bird among the bird-droves of God !
 Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
 Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
 Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
 And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his grave
 Weep into the river, and each tear
 Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave !

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
 The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold ;
 Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
 And the red wave is tranquil as of old ;
 Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
 That Atlas guardeth, would I wend ;
 Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
 In God's quiet garden by the sea,
 And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
 Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

*[By kind permission of the Author and the Publishers,
 Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.]*

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

By HENRY NEWBOLT

" YE have robbed," said he, " ye have slaughtered and made
 an end,
 Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead :
 What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend ? "
 " Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed : " If one may settle the score for five,
 I am ready ; but let the reckoning stand till day :
 I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."
 " You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down on the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees ;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows ;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wisteria trailing in at the window wide ;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead ;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscoat and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen ;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw ;
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood ;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet ;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white ;
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee."

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

[From "*Collected Poems, 1897-1907*" (Messrs. T. Nelson and
Sons, Publishers), by kind permission of the Author.]

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

By CAROLINE NORTON

WORD was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry !)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.
(Oh, ride as though you were flying !)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl ;
And his rose of the isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;
(Hurry !)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need.
(Oh, ride as though thou were flying !)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,
But, ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten one by one ;
(Hurry !)
They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone ;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying !
The king looked back at that faithful child :
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn ;
(Silence !)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold, grey morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide—
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck ;
“ O steed, that every nerve didst strain—
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying ! ”

THE LAST WORDS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

By JANE PROTHERO NOTT

“ Lockhart,” he said, “ be a good man : be good, my dear.”

WITHOUT, the silver Tweed in glory flowing
On to the summer sea ;
Within, a strong soul in the silence going
Out to Eternity.

Without, the great heart of the Scottish nation.
To mourn her dying son ;
Within, the servant of his generation,
His labour well-nigh done.

Without, the world that to long coming ages
Should give his name renown ;
Within, the tired hand, the ended pages,
The magic pen laid down.

Yet one last loving word must yet be spoken,
 One farewell message said,
 Ere to death's silence solemn and unbroken
 The soul of genius sped.

From out the shadow, to where love was bending,
 The dying voice to hear,
 These simple words the quiet lips were sending—
 "Be good, be good, my dear."

"Be good!" That golden seal to song and story
 The poet set that day,
 While each fond thought of honour, gain or glory
 Passed with earth's dreams away.

Still through the fair stretch of the sunlit meadows
 The murmuring river flowed,
 The while a good man's soul beyond the shadows
 Went out to meet its God.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

JOCK—A CAIRN TERRIER

By JANE PROTHERO NOTT

It's a stately room, the Music Room,
 And fingers famous and fingers fair
 Have stirred the strings with their magic touch,
 And roused the echoes of music there.

And a cheery room was the children's room,
 In the schoolday hours of the long ago :
 Where they laughed the pleasant years away,
 And the yellow Cairn ran to and fro.

And a sad, sad day was that summer day,
 When dismay came down on the merry band,
 And in awestruck whispers the tale went round,
 "He has gnawed the leg of the Bechstein Grand."

.

But, to-night, as the long slow hours go by,
Where the Vet has shaken a solemn head,
And I sadly watch by the side of one
Going a path we all must tread

I wish he could know what I would give,
While his head falls back on my nerveless hand,
Could I hear his puppy teeth again
Gnawing the leg of my Bechstein Grand.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

A SPELL

(An Excellent Way to get a Fairy)

By ALFRED NOYES

GATHER, first, in your left hand
(This must be at fall of day)
Forty grains of wild sea-sand
Where you think a mermaid lay.
I have heard that it is best
If you gather it, warm and sweet,
Out of the dint of her left breast
Where you see her heart has beat.

*Out of the dint in that sweet sand
Gather forty grains, I say ;
Yet—if it fail you—understand,
There remains a better way.*

Out of this you melt your glass
While the veils of night are drawn,
Whispering, till the shadows pass,
“Nixie—pixie—leprechaun !”
Then you blow your magic vial,
Shape it like a crescent moon,
Set it up and make your trial,
Singing, “Elaby, ah, come soon !”

*Round the cloudy crescent go,
On the hill-top, in the dawn,
Singing softly, on tip-toe,
“Elaby Gathon ! Elaby Gathon !
Nixie—pixie—leprechaun !”*

Bring the blood of a white hen
 Slaughtered at the break of day,
 While the cock in the fairy glen,
 Thrusts his gold neck every way,
 Over the brambles, peering, calling,
 Under the ferns, with a sudden fear,
 Far and wide—as the dewes are falling—
 Clamouring, calling, everywhere.

*Round the crimson vial go,
 On the hill-top, in the dawn,
 Singing softly, on tip-toe,
 "Nixie-pixie, leprechaun!"
 If this fail, at break of day,
 I can show you a better way.*

Bring the buds of the hazel-copse,
 Where two lovers kissed at noon;
 Bring the crushed red wild-thyme tops
 Where they murmured under the moon.
 Bring the four-leaved clover also,
 One of the white, and one of the red.
 Bring the flakes of the May that fall so
 Lightly over their bridal bed.

*Drop them into the vial—so—
 On the hill-top, in the dawn,
 Singing softly, on tip-toe,
 "Nixie—pixie—leprechaun!"
 And, if once will not suffice,
 Do it thrice!
 If this fail, at break of day,
 There remains a better way.*

Bring an old and crippled child
 —Ah, tread softly, on tip-toe!—
 Tattered, tearless, wonder-wild,
 From that under-world below,
 Bring a wizened child of seven
 Reeking from the City slime,
 Out of hell into your heaven,
 Set her knee-deep in the thyme.

*Feed her—clothe her—even so !
Set her on a fairy throne.
When her eyes begin to glow,
Leave her for an hour—alone.*

You shall need no spells or charms,
On that hill-top, in that dawn.
When she lifts her wasted arms,
You shall see a veil withdrawn.
There shall be no veil between them,
Though her head be old and wise !
You shall know that she has seen them
By the glory in her eyes.

*Round her irons on that hill
Earth has tossed a fairy fire :
Watch, and listen, and be still,
Lest you baulk your own desire.*

When she sees four azure wings
Light upon her claw-like hand ;
When she lifts her head and sings,
You shall hear and understand :
You shall hear a bugle calling
Wildly over the dew-dashed down ;
And a sound as of the falling
Ramparts of a conquered town.

*You shall hear a sound like thunder ;
And a veil shall be withdrawn,
When her eyes grow wide with wonder
On that hill-top, in that dawn.*

[By kind permission of the Author and the Publisher,
Mr. William Blackwood.]

SHERWOOD

By ALFRED NOYES

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake ?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake ;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June :
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon ;
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold :
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs ;
Love is in the greenwood ; dawn is in the skies ;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep :
Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather ;
The dead are coming back again ; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows ;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap—
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep—
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen,
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men ;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the may
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day ;

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow ! Follow !* and the boughs begin to crash ;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly ;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves :
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE SEA

By EVA L. OGDEN

SHE was rich and of high degree ;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."
And he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray ;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture !" said she :
"I don't believe he can paint the sea !"
Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock ;
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub !" said she :
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea !"
Then he painted a stretch of hot brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band ;—
Not a sign of water to be seen,
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture !" said she :
"It's the very image of the sea !"

I ASKED A LITTLE FAIRY

By IRENE OLDERSHAW

I ASKED a little fairy
How she made your eyes of brown,
She said she gathered bits of dusk,
As fine as thistledown ;
And then she picked two sparkling stars,
And dropped into each eye,
And after, found a twinkling light,
Then wrapped it round a sigh.

I asked a little fairy
How she made your lovely hair,
She said she asked the night to leave
Her misty veil just there ;
And then she found a moonbeam white,
With glistening, silver sheen,
And sprinkled it with morning dew,
Then wrapped it round a dream.

I asked a little fairy
How she made your mouth so true,
She said she gathered rosebuds rare,
Sweet tiny blossoms too ;
And then she found some happy smiles
And laid them on your lips,
And after, picked a wistful tear,
Then brushed it o'er their tips.

I asked a little fairy
How she made you as you are,
She said she saw your vision fair
Above an evening star ;
She traced it's dainty, slender curves
Upon a cobweb's ring,
Then brought it down to earth, and left
A tiny mortal thing.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

DREAMS

By IRENE OLDERSHAW

If my hands were fairy hands
That would do just what I wist,
I would weave a gown of dreams
By the winter sunlight kissed ;
I would weave my dreams of love,
Twining in and out with flow'rs,
If my hands were fairy hands,
And had all those magic pow'rs.

If my eyes were fairy eyes
That could see past mortal things,
I would fly across the world
With a pair of magic wings ;
I would find the smiles of joy
That lie hidden far away,
And I'd bring them back with me,
Just to cheer a darksome day.

If my lips were fairy lips
That could utter inmost sounds,
They would tell in silent words
Of a love that knows no bounds ;
If my lips were fairy lips,
And myself a fairy too,
I would sit all day, and dream
Of the dreams I weave for you.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

"THE MUSIC MAKERS"

By ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

WE are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities,
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory :
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth,
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth ;
 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth ;
 For each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth.

ZULEIKA

By ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

ZULEIKA is fled away,
 Though your bolts and your bars were strong ;
 A minstrel came to the gate to-day
 And stole her away with a song.
 His song was subtle and sweet,
 It made her young heart beat,
 It gave a thrill to her faint heart's will,
 And wings to her weary feet.

Zuleika was not for ye,
 Though your laws and your threats were hard ;
 The minstrel came from beyond the sea,
 And took her in spite of your guard :
 His ladder of song was slight,
 But it reach'd to her window height ;
 Each verse so frail was the silken rail
 From which her soul took flight.

The minstrel was fair and young ;
 His heart was of love and fire ;
 His song was such as you ne'er have sung,
 And only love could inspire :

He sang of the singing trees,
And the passionate sighing seas,
And the lovely land of his minstrel band ;
And with many a song like these.

He drew her forth to the distant wood,
Where bird and flower were gay,
And in silent joy each green tree stood ;
And with singing along the way,
He drew her to where each bird
Repeated his magic word,
And there seem'd a spell she could not tell
In every sound she heard.

And singing and singing still,
He lured her away so far,
Past so many a wood and valley and hill,
That now, would you know where they are ?
In a bark on a silver stream,
As fair as you see in a dream ;
Lo ! the bark glides along to the minstrel's song,
While the smooth waves ripple and gleam.

And soon they will reach the shore
Of that land whereof he sings,
And love and song will be evermore
The precious, the only things ;
They will live and have long delight
They two in each other's sight,
In the violet vale of the nightingale,
And the flower that blooms by night.

A LOVE SYMPHONY

By ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

ALONG the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak ;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek ;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair :
Each look'd its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were ; they warbled on,
Piped, trill'd the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you :
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet—
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

OLD BALLAD

By ROLAND PERTWEE

THERE sang three gypsies round her door,
And downstairs ran this lady O,
For the song it told of the woodlands' gold
And the life of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

With that she cast her silken shoon
And pulled on boots of leather O ;
While the garden slept, through the gate she crept,
And was off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

'Twas late i' the night when her lord came home
Calling aloud on his lady O.
The thralls who stand on either hand
Say, " Gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O."

“Then fetch me forth my fastest steed,
Go, get me out my charger O,
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who's fled to the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.”

Upon his stallion, ebon black,
He burst into a gallop O,
Through the darkness mute in a hot pursuit
Of his bride and the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

He searched him high and he searched him low,
On roads and brambly-commons O,
Until he spied his new-wed bride
In the camp of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

Then up he spoke to his truant wife,
“Say why did you leave your castle O,
Or stray from the fold of your husband bold,
To roam with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.”

She threw him back a gleaming glance,
With the sun on her brown hair shining O.
No whit afraid, she answer made
In the midst of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

“What care I for our marriage tie,
Or what for the grey-walled castle O,
And what for the fold of a husband cold;
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.”

Then said her lord, “Now by my sword
You're free your ways to wander O.
I deemed my dame had a nobler aim
Than the life of a wraggle-taggle gypsy O.”

So he caught up his snaffle rein
And swung into the saddle O,
To speed from the side of a faithless bride
And the sight of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

HEROD

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ACT II

SCENE.—*The hall of audience in Herod's Palace. Herod rushes in, while all present make obeisance. Mariamne alone remains standing. He makes his way to her and kisses her hand.*

HEROD. Mariamne, I pursued and came on Cæsar—
A face young and yet wary I came in
Amid the courtiers, and omitted nothing
Of royalty but this my diadem—
Mariamne, do you hear?—I did not cringe,
But stood and looked on him as man on man,
As king on king. Then I spoke out—I mourned
Dead Antony with frankness as my friend—
Mariamne, hear you?—you shall glow at this—
And unto Cæsar proffered the same aid
I gave to Antony. “Judge me,” I cried,
“By what I was to him—to you I’ll be
No worse a friend.—You’ll say ’tis policy—
I’ll not deny it; but ’tis durable;
I am your friend by sea, by land henceforth,
If you will have me so.” Then, Mariamne,
He looked long on me—then without a word

[Takes her hand.]

Gave me his hand, and bade me sit by him,
We sat together—do you listen?—and
He called for wine: “I drink to my friend Herod
And to his Mariamne.”

MARIAMNE (*groaning*). Ah!

[On the groan he falls away from her, then looks in her face. With a gesture he dismisses the Court, who disperse, whispering. HEROD and MARIAMNE are left alone. He moves to embrace her with passion, but she repels him.]

MAR. I am come
From young Aristobulus that was murdered.

HEROD. Murdered!

MAR. Or taken as we take a dog.
And strangled in that pool whose reeds I hear

Sighing within my ears until I die.
 You like a tiger purred about me : Oh !
 Your part it was to soothe and hush me while
 He gasped beneath their hands—your hands—Oh yes,
 You were not near, 'twas yours to kiss and lie—
 But none the less your hands were round his throat,
 O liar !

HEROD. Mariamne !

MAR. You forest beast !

HEROD. Mariamne !

MAR. Back, and in the jungle burn
 Whence you did leap out at my brother's throat.
 Can you deny your part in this ! O subtle !
 Half suitor and half strangler, with one arm
 About the sister's neck, the other hand
 About the brother's throat !

HEROD. I'll not endure—

MAR. Can you deny you slew Aristobulus ?
 Look in my eyes ; speak truth if still 'tis in you.

HEROD. I'll not deny my part in the boy's death.

MAR. Will you weep now ! Strive, and the tears will come.

HEROD. 'Twas I—I, Herod—who commanded it.

MAR. Commanded !

HEROD. Yés, and would again command.

MAR. You ! You—a sudden thing sprung up in the
 night—

To dip your hands in our most ancient blood !
 That he should perish by an Idumean !

HEROD. I stand where I have climbed, and by your side
 I could not leave him—'twas not for myself
 I struck, but for the State—'twas for Judea !
 And for the throne—*your* throne—*your* throne—

MAR. O glib !
 The assassin first, and now the orator !

HEROD. I'll burn this bitterness away !

MAR. I am grown
 Listless to all concerning you.

HEROD (*groaning*). Ah !—ah !

MAR. Herod, because I once did love you so—
How long since is it?—And because that love
With time had grown much greater, now I speak.
Even the red misery of my brother's murder,
That extreme pang, is pale beside this loss,
This drying up within me of my soul.

HEROD. O madness!

MAR. You have stopped my life and ended
My very being in a moment. Here

[*Rising slowly.*

I stand and look on you who were my husband—

HEROD (*fiercely embraces her*). And still, in spite of all.

MAR. No, never more!

Herod, that love I did conceive for you,
And from you, it was even as a child—
More dear, indeed, than any child of flesh,
For all its blood was as a colour of dreams,
And it was veined with visions delicate.
Then came a sudden labour ere my time—
Terrible travail—and I bring it forth,
Dead, dead. And here I lay it at your feet.

HEROD. I'll break this barrier down as I have others.

MAR. Never—never!

HEROD. When first I wooed, was I
Not blood-stained?

MAR. Not with blood of his!

HEROD. Oh, still
You shall forget him. He is dead, and I
Live still, and glow, and sigh, and burn for you.

MAR. Almost I am moved to laughter at that passion
Which once could sway and thrill me to the bone.
Terrible when we laugh at what we loved!

HEROD. My brain, my brain, I shall go mad! One kiss!

MAR. Never!

HEROD. One touch!

MAR. No more!

HEROD. One word!

MAR. Farewell!

HEROD. You will go from me?

MAR. No, I'll move about
The palace. You shall have no scorn from me ;
My love is dead, but I am still a queen ;
Only, I must not be with you alone.

HEROD. Where's now the boast, the glory, oh, where now ?
What was this triumph but in the telling of it
To you ? And what this victory but to pour it
Into your ears ? I had imagined all
Meetings but this—this only I foresaw not.
Here I disband my legions ; I arise,
And spill the wine of glory on the ground ;
I turn my face into the night. And yet
Why am I bowed thus—I that am Herod ? Come,
I'll take you in my arms. I'll have your lips
By force, and chain your body up to me ;
I am denied your soul, but I will slake
This thirst of the flesh, and drink your beauty deep !

MAR. (*repulsing him*). I'll not endure your touch ! Your
hands are curved

From that fell throttle. Now stretch out your arms ;
What is between us ? It is more than air.

(*Wildly*.) I tell you, Herod, that your arm but then
Passed through the dead boy that now stands between us.
[*Passes up steps with a long shuddering cry of horror.*]

HEROD. Mariamne, leave me not thus, Mariamne !
[*Exit MARIAMNE.*]

Aristobulus, art thou satisfied ?

[*By special permission of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.*]

ELOISE TO ABELARD

By ALEXANDER POPE

SEE in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
“ Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seemed to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :

But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
 Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 Even superstition loses every fear :
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.”
 I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow :
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
 See, my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
 Ah no—in sacred vestments mayest thou stand,
 The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o’er ;
 And even my Abelard be loved no more.
 O death all-eloquent ! you only prove
 What dust we dote on, when ’tis man we love.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA’S DAY

By ALEXANDER POPE

I

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While in more lengthened notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms :
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade :
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV

But when through all the infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as death, the poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appeared,
 O'er all the dreary coasts !
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortured ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

V

By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bowers ;
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glittering through the gloomy glades,
 By the youths that died for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer :
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,

A conquest how hard and how glorious !
 Though fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows ;
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies !
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
 The immortal powers incline their ear,

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven.

A MYSTICAL ECSTASY

By F. QUARLES

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
 And having ranged and search'd a thousand nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoin :
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am ; so He is mine.

E'en so we met ; and after long pursuit,
 E'en so we join'd ; we both became entire ;
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax and he was flames of fire :
 Our firm-united souls did more than twine ;
 So I my Best-Belovéd's am ; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin :
 The world's but theirs ; but my Belovéd's mine.

A COMMON STORY

By D. F. RADFORD

THEY said :
 Vainly you yearn after far impossible beauty ;
 The natural gift of children will bring you peace
 As grey and cool as shaded waters at even.
 So they told me.

Children came.

Through the turmoil of the speeding years

I toiled for them,

Grew old and worn for them,

Bartered those jewels of my youth and beauty

That for the price they might grow lovelier :

Gave all

That so they should swing into life's loud battle

Invulnerably armed, beautifully winged.

The years sped :

Now they are grown, and now I know

Mine is the old, old story.

I sit alone.

Life calls to them—alluring, vivid, compelling—

My hand upon them is no more

Than a dry twig

Snapped and fallen from the withered branch.

I am the drab old Mother,

Knowing nothing—fit only to darn and cook and mend

For these, and a mild, pitying contempt.

But they, ah they have Life to live !

They are gone from me.

Now in the large hush of the creeping twilight

I pause and ponder :

Think of their words those many years ago,

Of the hopes that now

Are crumbled into a little choking dust,

Of the dreams become faint, wistful ghosts

That I shall never gather proudly to my arms.

And I laugh—for what I hoped to be,

To do,

And what I am.

Laugh, looking at my hands filled only with dust ;

At my life, no more than a thin frayed cotton—

The tacking thread pulled from a finished garment

That garment, my children !

And I wonder if they who are so proudly confident

Will repeat the tale,

Wither and fade,

And by their children be cast aside

With the worn-out things of yesterday :

Like me
 Sit greyly in a bitter night, asking
 If they who tend the rose shall always have for keeping
 Only the prick of its thorn?

[By kind permission of the Author and of the
 Editor of "The Poetry Review".]

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

OLD man never had much to say—

'Ceptin' to Jim,—

And Jim was the wildest boy he had,

And the old man jes' wrapped up in him.

Never heerd him speak but once

Er twice in my life,—and first time was

When the army broke out, and Jim he went,

The old man backin' him, fer three months;

And all 'at I heerd the old man say

Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—

"Well, good-by, Jim;

Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied

Jes' *lookin'* at Jim

And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—

'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!

And over and over I mind the day

The old man come and stood round in the way

While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim:

And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,—

"Well, good-by, Jim:

Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm

Disting'ished Jim;

Neighbours all ust to wonder why

The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:

But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back

'At Jim was the bravest boy we had

In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,

And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad,—

'At he had led, with a bullet clean

Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag

Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said,—“ Tell Jim Good-by ;
And take keer of hisse'f ! ”

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him !
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man gave him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade ;
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,—
“ Well, good-by, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f ! ”

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him !
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum :
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and 'p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in grey,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant,—and one arm gone,—
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
“ Well, good-by, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f ! ”

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him !
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,

As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His Father's, the old voice in his ears,—
" Well, good-by, Jim :
Take keer of yourse'f ! "

THE BROOK-SONG

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

LITTLE brook ! Little brook !
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and
crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun !

Little brook, sing to me :
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at
him !

Little brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided centre of your current swift and
strong,
And a dragonfly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing—how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook—laugh and leap !
Do not let the dreamer weep :
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep ;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know.

"CURLY LOCKS"

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

*Curly Locks ! Curly Locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
 But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.*

Curly Locks ! Curly Locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 The throb of my heart is in every line,
 And the pulse of a passion as airy and glad
 In its musical beat as the little prince had !

Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine !
 O, I'll dapple thy hands with these kisses of mine
 Till the pink of the nail of each finger shall be
 As a little pet blush in full blossom for me.

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And thou shalt have fabric as fair as a dream,—
 The red of my veins, and the white of my love,
 And the gold of my joy for the braiding thereof.

And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream
 From a service of silver with jewels a gleam,—
 At thy feet will I bide, at thy beck will I rise,
 And twinkle my soul in the night of thine eyes !
 ?

Curly Locks ! Curly Locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
 But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

[From "Rhymes of Childhood", Copyright 1900. Used by
 special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

NOTHIN' TO SAY

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say—
 Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way !
 Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
 Yit here *I* am, and here *you* air ; and yer mother—where
 is she ?

You looks lots like yer mother: Purty much same in size;

And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about *livin'* here,—because *she* could'nt stay
It'll 'most seem like you was dead—like her!—but I hain't
got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page—
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyarded 'em, but ef yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year
old then!

And now yer—how old air you! W'y, child, not "*twenty*"!
When?

And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git
married that day?

. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but—I hain't got nothin'
to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off
—turn round.

(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

[From "*Love Lyrics*", Copyright 1905. Used by special
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LOST DAYS

By D. G. ROSSETTI

THE lost days of my life until to-day,

What were they, could I see them on the street

Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat

Sown once for food but trodden into clay?

Or golden coins squander'd and still to pay?

Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?

Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat

The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here ; but after death

God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murder'd self, with low last breath.

"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"

"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)

"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI

8th June, 1857

By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

A HUNDRED, a thousand to one ; even so ;

Not a hope in the world remained :

The swarming howling wretches below

Gained and gained and gained.

Skene looked at his pale young wife.

"Is the time come?"—"The time is come."

Young, strong, and so full of life,

The agony struck them dumb.

?

Close his arm about her now,

Close her cheek to his,

Close the pistol to her brow—

God forgive them this!

"Will it hurt much?"—"No, mine own :

I wish I could bear the pang for both."

"I wish I could bear the pang alone :

Courage, dear, I am not loth."

Kiss and kiss : "It is not pain

Thus to kiss and die.

One kiss more."—"And yet one again."

"Good-bye,"—"Good-bye."

ROMANCE

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

COME, come to me !
I am the Sea,
I am all that can never be ;
The whirling wave, the steady light,
Of ships slow sailing out into the night ;
Wind, wave and leaping spray,
And the lands which are very far away ;
Every rainbow-circled shore,
Where you may stay
A night and a day,
No more !
I kiss your eyes and leave them blind ;
I am around you and above ;
I am the road that lies before,
And behind ;
I am Morning—I am Love !
I shake my gleaming
My sun-splashed wings,
Whilst you lie dreaming
Of other things.
The sun shakes your grating,
The wind's at the door ;
Oh ! ride forth, for all the world is waiting,
And come back no more !

Am I not fair
With my wishing cap on my gold hair ?
Am I not fleet
Who have feathered shoulders and wingèd feet ?
Listen ! listen ! have you heard
Such a song ever,
As now beneath the wandering moon I sing ?
Each wild-winged bird
Whose throat is mad with Spring
Has sought to learn it and might never !
Listen ! whereso'er I pass
Laughter stirs among the grass,
And the withered tree
Breaks into leaf,
And Grief
Smiles through heavy eyes, tear-laden,

And becomes my waiting-maiden,
Serving me !

I am the sheath, I am the sword,
And I am flame : I set alight
Cities that men may make
Songs of that burning for my sake,
And yield their souls up at a word.
It may be I shall turn my head
And with my eyes' flash strike you dead,
What matters it ?
You will have lived as only they
Who do my bidding may.
Of what avail to sit
In comfort, ease, and slow decay,
Watching the grey ash, bit by bit,
Crumble away ?
What care though I destroy,
Who have re-christened Death and called him Joy,
And have taught Laughter
To the sharp-visaged, horny-fingered Fates.—
Oh ! if I lead you dancing through Hell's gates
What matter what comes after ?

Come, come to me !
I am the moon, I am the sea ;
I am every ship that sails
Trackless waters, knowing not
Where she steers.
I am the light which never fails ;
I am a golden knot
Binding together the loose years.
I sparkle and run
Like ice in the moonlight, like frost in the sun,
And when you have found me, then life has begun.
Therefore be bold,
Of my hand take hold,
And swing in the track of my garment's fold !
Cling to me, follow me, set your heart free ;
I am all that can never be,
A song, a spell, a key of gold,
Which can unlock the earth and the sea :—
Come, come, oh ! come with me !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

ACHIEVEMENT

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

If we had sought adventurously, the stars,
Or snared some wandering angel with a song,
Or healed men's hearts of fear, the world of wars,
Death of its sting, and love of half its wrong ;

If we had lifted an imperious name
Beyond the narrow bounds of mortal mood,
Fanning with the quick impulse of our fame,
The crawling moments of the multitude :—

Then were there cause for pride,—then might we dare
To claim some bright extravagant reward
Beyond the reach of Time.—Alas ! our boast

Is only that one day was wholly fair,
When beechen leaves cast patterns on green sward,
—One day in spring. All other days are lost.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

A SERMON

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

THERE'S room for most things :
Tropic seas,
Poll-parrots, beer, the Vicar's teas,
June nights, transparent Winter dawns,
Tulips ablaze on Summer lawns,
Queer jungle fruits of mammoth size,
And gay Brazilian butterflies ;
Chalk cliffs built up of tiny shells,
Delicate mist and faint bluebells,
The sparrow's brown, the peacock's tail,
Cathedrals, Florence Nightingale.
Gaby Deslys, Paris, the small
Village tucked snugly round the Hall.—
Yes, room for all if only each
Will live content, nor strive to preach
Its own perfection as the end
Towards which the universe should tend.

As long as daisies don't complain
The whole world's not a daisy-chain,
Or flaunting tropic birds condemn
To ridicule the sober hen ;
As long as each with his own shape
Is satisfied—nor tries to ape
Another's: When the crow puts on
The peacock's plumes, his charm is gone.
Will o' the Wisp though shining bright
Won't keep your kitchen fires alight ;
Tame wolves are not domestic cats,
Or fauns less fauns for bowler-hats.
Let neither Faun nor Saint reprove
Others for different ways of love,
Life and delight—there's room for wings
And feet, for wine and water-springs
For things that walk and things that dance,
For Iceland and the South of France,
For lake and village-pump and sea,
For You—but also room for Me !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

A MEETING

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

" Oh ! what are you seeking by river, town, and meadow,
And who are you seeking so far and very far ?
Your coat is white and dusty, your shoes have burst their
leather,
Pray sit you down a moment and tell me who you are."

" I'm seeking my lost lover, she left me in a minute
Just as the dawn was breaking, all golden overhead,
I thought it was mocking, I thought it was for laughter ;
But no, she's gone so long now, she might as well be dead ! "

" How long since last you saw her ? " " Ten years or ten
and twenty ;
I cannot count my sorrow." " And is the silver bright
Still on the polished table, when, in the ancient mirrors,
Against the oaken panels, flickers the fire light ? "

- "Alack! what are you saying?" "And in the high yew-garden
Do roses burn at midnight?" "Alas! what do you say?"
"Oh! it's I, I, I; do you not know your lover?—
I sought a road, a new road, but fell and missed the way."
- "Is it you, you, you, with eyes and hair unsightly?"
"Oh, yes, and with these hollow cheeks and lips down drawn
Oh, yes, I've left on all the roads my beauty,
And I'm no more what once I was that Summer dawn."
- "Oh, why did you leave me so loveless and so lonely?
I have no kisses left now to bring your beauty back."
"And is there no returning?" "Why, yes, as ghosts
returning
Who follow, wailing sorely upon each other's track."
- "Then farewell, my lover, you loved and found me faithless;
Your journey here is ended. We'll never meet again."
"Then come with me, my lover! I loved and found you
faithless,
But once you loved, and once I loved, and all the rest is
vain."

[By kind permission of the Author.]

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

- I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possesst.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

AUTUMN: A DIRGE

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.
 Come, Months, come away,
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
 For the year;
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling;
 Come, Months, come away;
 Put on white, black, and gray;
 Let your light sisters play—
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

TO NIGHT

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
 Kiss her until she is wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thy opiate wand—
 Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

?

HELLAS

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies ;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be—
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued ;
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy !
The world is weary of the past—
O might it die or rest at last !

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

By E. ROWLAND SILL

THE royal feast was done ; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : " Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer ! "

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose : " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool :
The rod must heal the sin ; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

" 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

" These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

" The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung !
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung !

" Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

" Earth bears no balsam for mistakes ;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool ! "

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
" Be merciful to me, a fool ! "

DEAD RIDES SIR MORTEN

(From the Danish)

By E. M. SMITH-DAMPIER

SIR MORTEN rode in the greenwood,
And there he got his bane,
For a deadly sickness seized him
Ere he won home again.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fuglsang.

With mickle dule and sorrow
His body to earth they bore,
But all at the hour of mirk midnight
He mounted his steed once more.

It was young Sir Folmar
That rode by holt and hill,
And it was the dead Sir Morten
That followed behind him still.

"Hold in, hold in, Sir Folmar,
Hold in and speak with me!
I swear by my troth as a Christian knight
I'll work no woe to thee."

"Oh, why art thou risen, Sir Morten,
To ride by wood and wold?
No longer ago than yesterday
We laid thee in kirkyard mould."

"I ride not thus for pleasure,
Nor yet for dule and pine,
But all for the greed of one green mead
I wrongfully swore was mine.

"I ride not thus for silver,
Nor yet for a golden gage,
But all for the sake of the orphan bairn
I robbed of his heritage.

"Go seek Mettelille, my lady,
And bear her my behest,
For if she yield the stolen field
So shall my soul find rest.

" And if Mettelille, my lady,
Heed not thy words eftsoon,
So bid her look by the high-loft door
Where stand my silken shoon.

" Bid her behold my silken shoon
Beside the high-loft door,
For all at the hour of mirk midnight
With blood they shall brim o'er."

" Ride back, ride back, Sir Morten,
Thy weary bones to rest!
I swear by my troth as a Christian knight
I'll bear her thy behest."

Black was the hawk of Sir Morten,
And black Sir Morten's hound,
And black of hue the ghostly crew
That followed to kirkyard mound.

Oh, swift was his leal lady
His bidding to obey,
And Sir Morten lies in his resting grave
Asleep till the Judgment Day.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fuglsang.

[By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of
"The Poetry Review".]

TIME GOES BY TURNS

By ROBERT SOUTHWELL

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go,
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
 Not endless night, not yet eternal day :
 The saddest birds a season find to sing ;—
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay :
 Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
 The net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least, hath some ; who most, hathe never all.

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamour of waters, and with might ;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendour and speed of thy feet ;
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her—
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

HERE, where the world is quiet ;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams ;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep ;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap :
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer ;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither ;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born ;

And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell ;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes ;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands ;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born ;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn ;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings ;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things ;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure ;
To-day will die to-morrow ;
Time stoops to no man's lure ;

And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful,
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no life lives for ever,
 That dead men rise up never,
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light :
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight :
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
 Nor days nor things diurnal ;
 Only the sleep eternal
 In an eternal night.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand ?
 So long have the grey bare walls lain guestless,
 Through branches and briars if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken ;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not ;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry ;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song ;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper, "look forth from the flowers to the sea ;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we ?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither ?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows ?
Love deep as the sea as a rose most wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them ?
What love was ever as deep as a grave ?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever ;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live these shall be,
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow and deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE

By J. SYLVESTER

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

THE MOUSE

By CYRIL G. TAYLOR

A CLOCK near by rolled out grave orbs of sound
Smoothly and slow, till each tone-bubble caught
The one eluding it and all were drowned
By the soft wall returning silence brought.

The man sat listening, beguiled by those
Queer tiny sounds a creeping mouse will make
When all is still in all the world it knows
And it and death are the last things awake.

He heard with odd content its scamperings
Along the wainscot. Once he watched its eye
Stabbing the air with little beady stings
A lively, intimate point of secrecy.

And now, grown confident, it roamed the room
With little gliding movements of unease ;
And in its nostrils like a fragrant doom,
Hung the sweet pungent mystery of cheese.

But he who sat in stiff tense gratitude
The ghosts of loneliness gone from his eyes,
The dreaded hammer in his heart subdued
And in his brain the uncertain mocking cries,

Knew not a rich and overpowering lure
Had called that hungry thing from the hollow wall ;
He only knew that now he could endure
The soundless rushing of night's black waterfall.

His spirit held one fear, more feared than death :
He dreamed, on such a brooding night as this,
The world had died and he alone had breath
To shout the tidings from the dumb abyss.

That shy intruder was a living proof
The pleasant noise and bustle of life remained :
Voices and hurrying feet, loud wheel and hoof—
All those bright sounds for which his ear had strained.

A beating pulse it seemed in the dead core
Of night . . . His eyes shone quietly, the mask
That hides the troubled spirit dropped no more—
He sighed, and turned again towards his task.

The moments brushed soft wings against the house.
His pen raced on—when—darkly—something snapt
In the corner ! Death shook the unwary mouse.
The man leapt up as if his soul were trapt !

The silence laughed—or was it his he heard
Deep in that consciousness where reason sinned ?
The world lay mirrored in twin beads that stared
Like tiny pools swept by a secret wind.

[*By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of
"The Poetry Review".*]

THE HOLY GRAIL

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

" I, GALAHAD, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine :
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went ;
And hither am I come ; and never yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,
This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come
Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below

Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,
And hence I go ; and one will crown me king
Far in the spiritual city ; and come thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I go."

While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
One with him, to believe as he believed.
Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

There rose a hill that none but man could climb,
Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-courses—
Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm
Round us and death ; for every moment glanced
His silver arms and gloom'd : so quick and thick
The lightnings here and there to left and right
Struck, till the dry old trunks about us, dead
Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,
Sprang into fire : and at the base we found
On either hand, as far as eye could see,
A great black swamp and of an evil smell,
Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,
Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.
And Galahad fled along them bridge by bridge,
And every bridge as quickly as he crost
Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I yearned
To follow ; and thrice above him all the heavens
Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
Shoutings of all the sons of God : and first
At once I saw him far on the great Sea,
In silver-shining armour starry-clear ;
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.
And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,
If boat it were—I saw not whence it came.
And when the heavens open'd and blazed again
Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—
And had he set the sail, or had the boat
Become a living creature clad with wings ?

And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
Then in a moment when they blazed again
Opening, I saw the least of little stars
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints—
Strike from the sea ; and from the star there shot
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
Which never eyes on earth again shall see.
Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep.
And how my feet recross'd the deathful ridge
No memory in me lives ; but that I touch'd
The chapel-doors at dawn I know ; and thence
Taking my war-horse from the holy men,
Glad that no phantom vexed me more, return'd
To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars.

FROM "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

ALL precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth ;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

II

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass,
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scatter'd blanching on the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead :
" They perish'd in their daring deeds."

This proverb flashes thro' his head,
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

III

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks :
He breaks the hedge : he enters there :
The colour flies into his cheeks :
He trusts to light on something fair ;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

IV

More close and close his footsteps wind :
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quicker and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be !"

V

A touch, a kiss ! the charm was snapt,
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

VI

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renewed their strife,
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 " She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 " Sweet my child, I live for thee."

THE VICTIM

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
 A famine after laid them low,
 Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
 For on them brake the sudden foe ;
 So thick they died the people cried,
 " The Gods are moved against the land."
 The Priest in horror about his altar
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand :
 " Help us from famine
 And plague and strife !
 What would you have of us ?
 Human life ?
 Were it our nearest,
 Were it our dearest
 (Answer, O answer),
 We give you his life."

II

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame ;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.
 " The king is happy
 In child and wife ;
 Take you his dearest,
 Give us a life."

III

The Priest went out by heath and hill ;
The King was hunting in the wild ;
They found the mother sitting still ;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
 " The Gods have answer'd :
 We give them the boy."

IV

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand ;
The mother said, " They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land :
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea :
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life
Is *he* your dearest ?
Or I, the wife ? "

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
 He stay'd his arms upon his knee :
 " O wife, what use to answer now ?
 For now the Priest has judg'd for me."
 The King was shaken with holy fear ;
 " The Gods," he said, " would have chosen well :
 Yet both are near, and both are dear,
 And which the dearest I cannot tell !"
 But the Priest was happy,
 His victim won :
 " We have his dearest,
 His only son !"

VI

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
 The knife uprising toward the blow
 To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
 " Me, not my darling, no !"
 He caught her away with a sudden cry ;
 Suddenly from him brake his wife,
 And shrieking, "*I am his dearest, I—
 I am his dearest !*" rush'd on the knife.
 And the Priest was happy,
 " O, Father Odin,
 We give you a life.
 Which was his dearest
 Which was his nearest ?
 Who was his dearest ?
 The Gods have answer'd ;
 We give them the wife !"

THE BROOK

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
And willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

GUINEVERE'S REMORSE

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"GONE—my lord !

Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain !
 And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
 Farewell ? I should have answered his farewell.
 His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
 My own true lord ! how dare I call him mine ?
 The shadow of another cleaves to me,
 And makes me one pollution : he, the King,
 Call'd me polluted : shall I kill myself ?
 What help in that ? I cannot kill my sin,
 If soul be soul ; nor can I kill my shame ;
 No, nor by living can I live it down.
 The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
 The months will add themselves and make the years,
 The years will roll into the centuries,
 And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
 I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
 Let the world be ; that is but of the world,
 What else ? What hope ? I think there was a hope
 Except he mock'd me when he spoke of hope ;
 His hope he call'd it ; but he never mocks,
 For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
 And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
 My wickedness to him, and left me hope
 That in mine own heart I can live down sin
 And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
 Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
 Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
 Among his warring senses, to thy knights—

To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle? none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

THE POET'S SONG

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE rain had fallen,² the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

A FRAGMENT

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven, again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song :
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong :
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong :

By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring :
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before ;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set :
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid :
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
 The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
 Upon her perfect lips.

CHEATED ELSIE

By FRANCIS THOMPSON

ELSIE was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon :
Born to teach her swains despair
By smiling on them every one ;
Born to win all hearts to her
Just because herself had none ;
All the day she had no care,
For she was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon,
Heartless as the brooks that run.

All the maids, with envy tart,
Sneering said, " She has no heart."
All the youths, with bitter smart,
Sighing said, " She has no heart !"
Could she care
For their sneers or their despair
When she was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon,
Heartless as the brooks that run ?

But one day whenas she stood
In a wood
Haunted by the fairy brood,
Did she view, or dream she viewed
In a vision's

Wild misprisions,
How a pedlar, dry and rude
As a crook'd branch taking flesh,
Caught the spirit in a mesh,
Singing of—"What is't ye lack?"
Wizard pack,
On twisted back,
Still he sang, "What is't ye lack?"

"Lack ye land or lack ye gold,
What I give, I give unsold;
Lack ye wisdom, lack ye beauty,
To your suit he
Gives unpaid, the pedlar old!"

Fairies :
Beware, beware! the gifts he gives
One pays for, sweetheart, while one lives.

Elsie :
What is it the maidens say
That I lack?

Pedlar :
By this bright day
Can so fair a maiden lack?
Maid so sweet
Should be complete.

Elsie :
Yet a thing they say I lack.
In thy pack—
Pedlar, tell—
Hast thou ever a heart to sell?

Pedlar :
Yea, a heart I have, as tender
As the mood of evening air.

Elsie :
Name thy price!

Pedlar :
The price, by Sorrow!
Only is, the heart to wear.

Elsie :
Not great the price, as was my fear.

Fairies :
So cheap a price was ne'er so dear.
Beware, beware,
O rash and fair!

The gifts he gives,
Sweetheart, one pays for while one lives !

Scarce the present did she take,
When the heart began to ache.

Elsie :

Ah, what is this ? Take back thy gift !
I had not, and I knew no lack ;
Now I have, I lack for ever !

Fairies :

The gifts he gives, he takes not back.

Elsie :

Ah, why the present did I take,
And knew not that a heart would ache ?

Fairies :

Ache ! and is that all thy sorrow ?—
Beware, beware,—a heart will break !

[*By kind permission of Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washburn.*]

“ IN NO STRANGE LAND ”

By FRANCIS THOMPSON

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shattered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames !

[*By kind permission of Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washburn.*]

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

By WALTER THORNBURY

TRAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan,
Trap ! trap ! went the grey ;
But pad ! pad ! pad ! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud ! thud ! came on the heavy roan,
Rap ! rap ! the mettled grey ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on ! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool—
Splintered through fence and rail,
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs,
Past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town.

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

THE SEVEN AGES

By JEWEL BOTHWELL TULL

I

Over the dim hill in the twilight
Comes a tall white elephant,
And his rider the dark prince !
I stand with proud chin like a princess ;
For I know they are coming to me,
Bringing strings of emeralds
And purple sashes,
The dark prince will smile into my eyes,
He will kneel at my feet. . . .

They come nearer—they ride by—
Our neighbour's hired man and his gray horse.

Perhaps to-morrow they will come
The dark prince and the tall white elephant.

II

They tell me it is sinful to dream,
Sitting idle on thy father's doorstep
In the gray twilight.
They laugh at the dark prince and the tall white elephant,
They say I should marry the neighbour's hired man,
For he will bring me home and children,
I shall find peace and never dream again.

III

They lied to me.
I married our neighbour's hired man.
I sit on my own doorstep in the dusk.
The cows are fed, the hogs are fed ;
He is smoking his pipe, sitting with his shoes off—yawning.
He is a good man.
My only cry against him is
That he can hold me in his arms
And cannot hold my dreams.

IV

They lied to me !
There is a baby in my arms—
There have been five of them ;
Not one has blotted out the long dim hill,
The purple twilight and the tall dark Prince,
I wait watching the gray road,
Knowing now it is a sin to dream.

V

I sit, poking the ashes, watching the clock,
There's nothing to do any more—
There's not even anything to dream about.
I am tired remembering
How children used to play.

VI

I could say bitter things to-night
While the gray wind moans,
And the gray ash withers as I wither.
I could complain as the wind complains,
Yet I think the wind knows more the why of its sorrow

Than I do,
Withering with the gray ash,
Sobbing with the gray wind !

Even the ash has known flame,
And a bit of blue burning,
But I have been always gray.

VII

I hear them say I am dying
And I laugh.
I know I look to them like a gray and withered leaf
That has let go at last,
Fluttering to the ground to be for ever buried.
I am alone in the purple shadow,
And over the dim hill in the twilight
Comes a tall white elephant
And his rider the dark prince !
They whisper, " It is the end ! "
And I laugh—
For I know it is the beginning.

THE CAVES OF AUVERGNE

By W. J. TURNER

HE carved the red deer and the bull
Upon the smooth cave rock,
Returned from war with belly full,
And scarred with many a knock,
He carved the red deer and the bull
Upon the smooth cave rock.

The stars flew by the cave's wide door,
The clouds wild trumpets blew,
Trees rose in wild dreams from the floor,
Flowers with dream faces grew
Up to the sky, and softly hung
Golden and white and blue.

The woman ground her heap of corn,
Her heart a guarded fire ;
The wind played in his trembling soul
Like a hand upon a lyre,
The wind drew faintly on the stone
Symbols of his desire :

The red deer of the forest dark,
Whose antlers cut the sky,
That vanishes into the mirk
And like a dream flits by,
And by an arrow slain at last
Is but the wind's dark body.

The bull that stands in marshy lakes
As motionless and still
As a dark rock jutting from a plain
Without a tree or hill ;
The bull that is the sign of life,
Its sombre, phallic will.

And from the dead, white eyes of them
The wind springs up anew,
It blows upon the trembling heart,
And bull and deer renew
Their fitting life in the dim past
When that dead Hunter drew.

I sit beside him in the night,
And, fingering his red stone,
I chase through endless forests dark
Seeking that thing unknown,
That which is not red deer or bull,
But which by them was shown :

By those stiff shapes in which he drew
His soul's exalted cry,
When flying down the forest dark
He slew and knew not why,
When he was filled with song, and strength
Flowed to him from the sky.

The wind blows from red deer and bull,
The clouds wild trumpets blare,
Trees rise in wild dreams from the earth,
Flowers with dream-faces stare,
*O Hunter, your own shadow stands
Within your forest lair !*

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ROMANCE

By W. J. TURNER

WHEN I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams,
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatapetl
The dusty streets did rule.

?

I walked home with a gold dark boy,
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away :

I gazed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatapetl
It was thy magic hour :

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day.
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen my soul away !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

W. J. TURNER

THE HUNTER

By W. J. TURNER

BEYOND the blue, the purple seas,
 Beyond the thin horizon's line,
 Beyond Antilla, Hebrides,
 Jamaica, Cuba, Caribbees,
 There lies the land of Yucatan.

The land, the land of Yucatan,
 The low coast breaking into foam,
 The dim hills where my thoughts shall roam
 The forest's of my boyhood's home,
 The splendid dream of Yucatan !

I met thee first long, long ago
 Turning a printed page, and I
 Stared at a world I did not know
 And felt my blood like fire flow
 At that strange name of Yucatan.

O those sweet, far-off Austral days
 When life had a diviner glow,
 When hot Suns whipped my blood to know
 Things all unseen, then I could go
 Into thy heart, O Yucatan !

I have forgotten what I saw,
 I have forgotten what I knew,
 And many lands I've set sail for
 To find that marvellous spell of yore,
 Never to set foot in thy shore,
 O haunting land of Yucatan !

But sailing I have passed thee by,
 And leaning on the white ship's rail
 Watched thy dim hills till mystery
 Wrapped thy far stillness close to me
 And I have breathed " 'Tis Yucatan !

" 'Tis Yucatan, 'tis Yucatan ! "
 The ship is sailing far away,
 The coast recedes, the dim hills fade,
 A bubble-winding track we've made,
 And thou'rt a Dream, O Yucatan !

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 Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.]

A PRAYER

By H. M. WALBROOK

GIVE me my shelves of books, the books I love,
A seasoned vintage of the fruitful past.
Fill my tobacco-jar—a pipe will prove
In every mood a faithful friend and fast ;
And help my fiddle to a better tone :
It scrapes a bit unless the mute be on.

Hang me a print or two upon my walls—
The woodcuts of the 'sixties I adore ;
And when in May the dawning summer calls,
Bring back my boyhood's joy in hill and moor,
To hear the wild bird singing in the blue
And feel that all the earth is heaven too.

Let me not idle be. Grant me the fame
Of doing something ere the shadows fall.
That shall live after me and bear my name
With credit down the stream of time, when all
Whom I have loved shall silent lie with me
With folded hands beneath the churchyard tree.

And when at last I hear the evening bell,
May there be one beside me tried and true
Holding my hand and whispering, " All is well !
We two shall meet again, dear love, we two ! "
So shall I lay my head on Death's kind breast,
And not unhopeful enter on my rest.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

SIR CUPID

By F. E. WEATHERLY

SIR CUPID once, so I am told,
Determined to discover
What kind of man a maid preferred
Selecting for her lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory ;
And from the way he spoke, they say
She seemed to like the story.

Then with a smile sedate and grim
 He changed his state and station
 In shovel hat and gaiters trim
 He made his visitation.
 He talked of this, discoursed on that,
 Of Palestine and Hermon :
 And from the way he preached, they say
 She seemed to like the sermon.

He changed again, and came to her
 A roaring, rattling sailor ;
 He cried, " Yo ! ho ! I love you so ! "
 And vowed he'd never fail her ;
 He sang of star and compass true
 And glories of the ocean ;
 And judging from the way he sang,
 She seemed to like the notion.

Then Cupid, troubled in his mind,
 Discarded his disguises.
 " That you no preference prefer
 My fancy much surprises ! "
 " Why so ? " she cried, with roguish smile,
 " Why, prithee, why so stupid ?
 I do not care what garb you wear
 So long as you are Cupid."

[By kind permission of the Author.]

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

By WALT WHITMAN

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is
 won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red !
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
 Here, Captain ! dear father !
 This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;
 Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

————— N13 Keep the record

THE KING OF THE WEST

*Dedicated to M. F. Bisset, Esq., Master of Devon and Somerset
 Staghounds*

By G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE

CAPTAIN and leader, and lord of the herd,
 Bold and alert when his mettle is stirred—
 Lithe as a lion, and light as a bird,
 Royal in crest,
 × Dashing the dew from his frontlet and head,
 Pillowed on purple and russet and red,
 Rises in state from his heathery bed,
 The King of the West.

Stands for a second erect in his pride,
 Listens before and behind and aside
 To the tongue of the tufters that gallantly chide,
 Staunch on the quest ;
 While louder and deeper the challenge resounds,
 Till it rings through the combe in a chorus of hounds,
 And the music of death with its echo surrounds
 The King of the West.

Like a storm-driven cloud, like a hawk on the wing,
Like a shaft from a bow, like a stone from a sling,
How he shoots over bracken and boulder and ling—

They may gallop their best !

But the horse and his rider shall labour and strain,
The rowel be reddened, and tightened the rein ;
And the staghound shall droop ere a furlong he gain
On the King of the West !

From acre to acre the moorland is spread,
And acre by acre fleets under his tread,
Untiring and swift, as he stretches ahead,

For life to contest,

By the ridge of the mountain, the copse on its side,
By tors where they glisten, and streams where they glide,
The swamp that can swallow, the wood that can hide
The King of the West.

For the yell of their war-cry is borne on the wind,
And the ruthless pursuers are raging behind :
He must scour his dominions a refuge to find—

Nor fail in the test

Though before him the bounds of his monarchy lie,
Where the blue of the sea meets the blue of the sky,
And above him, the raven is hungering on high—
For the King of the West.

Where a rent in the precipice yawns on the deep,
Unfaltering—undaunted—he makes for the steep ;
With antlers flung back gathers breath for the leap,

To extremity pressed ;

And launched from the brink of it, fenceless and bare,
The fate of each element eager to dare,
He cleaves through the wave, as he clove through the air,
This King of the West.

Low down on the waters the sunset hath spread,
From sky-line to shingle a pathway of red,
Like a curtain of blood, to close over his head,

Where he sinks to his rest,

Pursuit and pursuers, outpaced and surpassed,
And about him a mantle of royalty cast,
He dies, undefeated, and game to the last,
The King of the West.

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ONE WET DAY

By DORIS L. WILSON

RAIN falls.

Within the deep, green hedge
 Willowwren unto moorland calls,
 While at the house-beam's edge
 The swallow and her younglings wait
 Listening to unseen streams singing from slate to slate.

Rain falls

Drenching dejected barley sheaves,
 But on the apples, in and out the leaves,
 Each raindrop weaves
 Roundels and virelays day long.

Rain falls.

Man keeps his house,
 Grudging the earth's carouse,
 Till, swiftly pacing down the lane
 Leaping brown ruts and tawny pools, grown wide
 With the choked ditches' tide,
 The postman comes, all unawares
 Of leaves and apples with their rain-sweet airs,
 And wakes my groaning knocker into laboured song.

[By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of
 "The Poetry Review".]

TO SLEEP

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;
 I've thought of all by turns ; and still I lie
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
 So do not let me wear to-night away:
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
 Come, blessèd barrier betwixt day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

II

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
 The very sweetest words that fancy frames
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
 Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost steep
 In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames
 All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone—
 I, surely not a man ungently made—
 Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crossed?
 Perverse, self-willed, to own and to disown,
 Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
 Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
 REPUBLIC

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
 And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

TO THE CUCKOO

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for Thee.

SONNET

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

A FAERY SONG

*Sung by the people of faery over Diarmind and Orania, who lay
 in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech.*

By W. B. YEATS

WE who are old, old and gay,
 O so old !
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told :

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love ;
 And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
 And the stars above :

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Rest far from men.
 Is anything better, anything better ?
 Tell us it then :

Us who are old, old and gay,
 O so old !
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told.

[From " Poems ", by W. B. Yeats, published by T. Fisher Unwin,
 by kind permission of the Author and of the Publisher.]

LINES FROM "THE LAND OF HEARTS' DESIRE"

By W. B. YEATS

THE wind blows out of the gates of the day,
 The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
 And the lonely of heart is withered away,
 While the faeries dance in a place apart,
 Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
 Tossing their milk-white arms in the air ;
 For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
 Of a land where even the old are fair,
 And even the wise are merry of tongue ;
 But I heard a reed of Coolancy say,
 " When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
 The lonely of heart is withered away."

[From " Poems ", by W. B. Yeats, published by T. Fisher Unwin,
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THE STOLEN CHILD

By W. B. YEATS

WHERE dips the rocky highland
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
 There lies a leafy island
 Where flapping herons wake
 The drowsy water rats ;
 There we've hid our faery vats,
 Full of berries,
 And of reddest stolen cherries.
*Come away, O human child !
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 You can understand.*

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
 The dim grey sands with light,
 Far off by furthest Rosses
 We foot it all the night,
 Weaving olden dances,
 Mingling hands and mingling glances

Till the Moon has taken flight ;
 To and fro we leap
 And chase the frothy bubbles,
 While the world is full of troubles
 And is anxious in its sleep.

*Come away, O human child !
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 You can understand.*

Where the wandering water gushes
 From the hills above Glen-Car,
 In pools among the rushes
 That scarce could bathe a star,
 We seek for slumbering trout,
 And whispering in their ears
 Give them unquiet dreams ;
 Leaning softly out
 From ferns that drop their tears
 Over the young streams.

*Come away, O human child !
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 For the world's more full of weeping than
 You can understand.*

Away with us he's going,
 The solemn-eyed :
 He'll hear no more the lowing
 Of the calves on the warm hillside ;
 Or the kettle on the hob
 Sing peace into his breast,
 Or see the brown mice bob
 Round and round the oatmeal chest.

*For he comes, the human child,
 To the waters and the wild
 With a faery, hand in hand,
 From a world more full of weeping than
 He can understand.*

[From " Poems ", by W. B. Yeats, published by T. Fisher Unwin,
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Spring Term 1833

King of the West G. T. Whyte Melville
The Sea Eva L. Ogden.
Xaranteca Hilaine Ballo

Brian's Speech

12th Night Speech

Home of the 5 hosts

The Knight's Toast Anonymous.

The Pilot of the Dreams Pauline

Dreams Anna C. Martin. Johnson.

Sherwood - Alfred Boyes.

The Hunter G. W. Turner.

E. G. Postice ~~1/2~~

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